



Irish Mist and Sunshine

Ballads & Lyrics

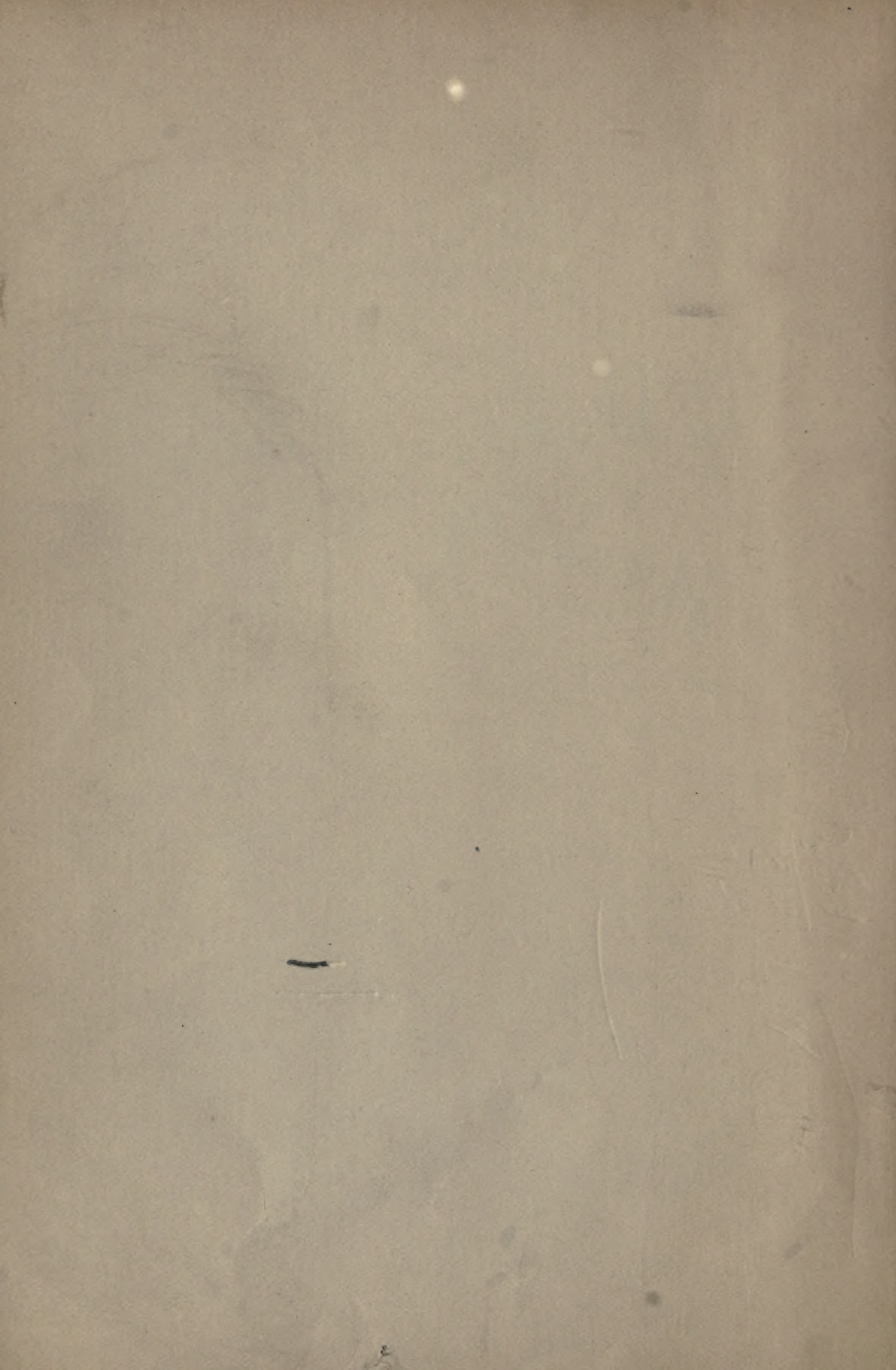


JAMES B. DOLLARD

(SLIAY-NA-MON)

By likes

of Mumley



DEDICATION

To MY MOTHER in Ireland, this Book of Irish
Verse, is Lovingly Dedicated

By her Son,

THE AUTHOR

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PREFACE

THE Irish priest who is also a poet commands a range of emotions which are inaccessible and almost inconceivable to the decadent versifiers who have made the phrase "The Minor Poets" a term of contempt. There is, as in the great days of poetry, something of the divine in his calling. He is privileged, as is no other man, to enter the Holy of Holies of the Irish soul, which contains a virgin mine of passion, pathos, mirth and tragedy still awaiting the poet's alchemic touch. The surprising thing is that so few Irish priests have yet turned to account for the enrichment of literature the wealth of human interest and feeling which lies around the poet-priest in the wildest mountain parish. The brooks that babble around his daily path make music, and there is no cabin whose blue peat-smoke perfumes the moors around his chapel that could not yield up its little lyric or its tale of deep and haunting pathos. Two Irish priests are at this moment setting the example of what men who combine literary ardour with a passionate love of their people can do to give the world some glimpse of the charms of the true Irish temperament, horizon, and spirit-world. Father P.A. Sheehan's famous book, "My New Curate" gives perhaps the boldest as well as the truest picture ever painted of the Irish priest and of his people, in habit as they live. Father Dollard, the author of this book of lyrics treats Irish life and sentiment through the more glowing medium of verse, and with the intensified passion of an exile

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from his native land. The grass-grown Irish villages, whose very names set his thoughts to music, appear to him through an enchanted atmosphere of recollections and regrets which gives a touch of consecration too often lost for those to whom the dull realities suggest no more than the yellow primrose did to Peter Bell.

Here and there a verse may be as frankly unadorned as the peasant cabins themselves in their homely cloaks of thatch, but every line rings true to life and home and with the tone as heartmoving as the Angelus which holds Millet's peasants in its spell. Father Dollard moreover possesses the quality which alone is wanting among the perfections of the "New Curate" namely, a wholehearted sympathy with the national yearning of his people. The simple explanation to me at least of the dismal fate of all the more or less Anglified "New Curate's" projects for conquering the inveterate stagnation of the village life around him is his failure to appreciate the aspirations which are the people's terrestrial breath of life and the political conditions which set young men either tippling with Jem Deady, or learning the goose-step by moonlight under the command of the village tailor. Father Dollard understands well these two types of Irish character, and sees perfectly how a healthy national enthusiasm could regulate the excesses of both and render Irish life as full of manly energy as it is of national charm and poetic sensibility. His lyrics have done very much indeed to discourage the unnatural Hegira from their native land which has

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tempted such myriads of the race from their wholesome mountain glens into the contamination of the factories and the city slums in stranger lands. Nobody can well read his verses without feeling a breath of healthy air pass through the lungs, and a pleasant twitching at the heart such as effects one who in dreams in a distant clime, hears the sound of the chapel bell of his young days floating on his ears. Irish priests with the gifts of Father Sheehan and Father Dollard in their several kinds can do more to revive the power of the poet in its ancient Greek sense than the most misty-minded of the dilettanti who arrogate to themselves the credit of what is called the "Gaelic Revival." They are indeed makers and teachers, and their books leave us with cheerfuller belief in our kind.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN

Mallow Cottage,

Westport, Ireland,

September 12, 1900.

IRISH MIST AND SUNSHINE

(A Prelude)

Soft mist on Irish mountain
Bright sun on field and dell
Swift tides of joy and sorrow
In Celtic hearts that swell
Green glen and haunted woodland
Loved homes by laughing streams
Firm faith and matchless manhood
Lo! these my varied themes.

Round-tower and ivied abbey
Low whispering of the Past
Around Life's early pathway
Their dreamful shadows cast
Wild wind-blasts sighing voiceful
Far o'er the moorland lone
Brought throbbing fairy music
To thrill with mystic tone.

Gray mist and flashing Sunshine
That fleck the gorse-land brown:—
High deed and cloudy legend
Of Eire's old renown
The saints' and martyrs' yearnings
The patriot's rhapsodies
With tim'rous touch uncertain
I strike the Harp to these.

Fair land of Mist and Sunshine
The distant exile thrills
In dreams of home and kindred
To see thy holy hills
Should song of mine show clearer
Old scenes and skies of blue
Old hopes that crown life dearer
I hold my trust made true.

IRISH ABBEYS

Dear ruins of the glorious Past
I gaze on ye with tearful eyes,
Your bare walls open to the skies
Your chancels echoing to the blast

Adare and Mellifont and Cong
Dunbrody by the rapid Nore
Within your cloisters now no more
Sound matin-prayer and Vesper-song

The ivy clothes ye with its green
To hide each cruel rent and scar
O'er lintel-stone and fretted bar
It flings alike a sheltering screen

'Ah! lone are ye in bright midday
When sunlight searches niche and floor—
Regardful of God's shrine of yore
The pious peasant kneels to pray

And lone are ye when night-winds blow
And thro' the sculptured archway steals
The pale moonlight that half reveals
The *Banshee's* face, betokening woe

Yet preach your walls of steadfast faith
They bridge for us the Ages dim
They speak: "This Race was true to Him
"Defying Time and Pain and Death"

"These stones shall crumble and decay
"But like her hills that aye endure
"Our Erin's Faith unchanged and pure
Shall live while Empires pass away

ON KENMARE HEAD

An Irish Ballad

Sweet Mother of the Crucified
Be nigh to aid me now.
My old eyes view the sad gray sea
Beyond the cliff's high brow;
The wide, gray sea that sullenly
Beats on the black rocks bare,
The while I moan, bereft and lone,
On the Head of Old Kenmare.

O bitter day I lost for aye
The dear ones of my soul!
And cruel sea!—twixt them and me
How broad and bleak you roll!
Two graves are lying far away
With none to kneel in pray'r—
And I, their mother, weeping here
On the Head of Old Kenmare.

My Owen left our cabin door
A dreary winter day,
“Full quick I'll send ye gold galore
The heavy rent to pay.”
Mo nuar!* 'twas the killing word
They wrote from over there,—
“He's dying and his love he sends
To those in Old Kenmare.”

**Mo nuar*—My sorrow! alas!

Then Mary, treasure of my life—
How sweet her modest grace!
My timid lamb, she left me too
The hard world-winds to face.
Poor child, her heart was broken soon
With all the strange land's care;
They laid her by her brother's side
Far, far from Old Kenmare.

Now ever to my anguished soul
Their dying voices reach,
I hear them in the waves that roll
And sob along the beach.
I listen and the crooning winds
Those last love-whispers bear
To me, their mother, waiting lone
On the Head of Old Kenmare.

Sweet Mother of the Crucified,
Thy woes were greater far,
To thee an earthly mother prays
Who art the Ocean's Star.
Thou standing by the awful Cross,
O strengthen me to bear
My sorrow swelling like the sea
By the Head of Old Kenmare.

BALLAD OF THE COISTA GANN KOWN*

This terrible phantom is heard passing from one graveyard to another, at the midnight hour, by the peasantry of the South of Ireland.

“Black Niall Moran, dare you cross the lone mountain,
A brand on your brow and a murder on your soul,
Ah! what shall you say when the Lord calls upon you,
For the red blood you squandered, and the life that you
stole?”

“If the Lord called upon me I should reck not His summons,
Though He flung down my body to deep pits of Hell;
My strong hand has crushed out his life, whom I hated,
My long-nourished vengeance I have sated it well.”

“Black Niall Moran, ’tis a blasphemy spoken,
Lone, lone the long road athwart the mountains
brown—,
Oh, ’ware you the graveyards whose portals now open
And the dread, headless horses of the Coista Gann
Kown.”

*Coista Gann Ceann—Literally “Coach without heads.”

A curse in the midnight, and a loud laugh of scorn,
A murderer plunges in the black jaws of night,
The high gallows threatened and the pale-breaking
 morn,
Far out over ocean should see him in flight.

But fearful his journey, the dreary winds affright him.
Sobbing, hopeless sobbing amid the branches sere
From the wood-sheltered cairn, where his victim lies
 staring,
The Banshee's awesome *ullagon* comes to his ear.

Ullagon! Ullagon! the wailing winds repeat it,
Ullagon! Ullagon! the hollow hills reply!
A rustle in the murky gloom,—the winging of a demon!
A voice in the valley—'tis a lost spirit's cry!

Black Niall Moran, where now your bold vaunting
Your brow's damp with terror.—God spare your guilty
 soul.

Hark! o'er the din of your scared bosom's panting,
Hear the Headless Horses, and the Dead-Coach's roll!

"Black Niall Moran, if e'er you prayed to Heaven,
Oh, pray unto the Saviour now for succor and for
 grace."

They come, the demon horses—hear their tramp like
 hollow thunder,
The lightnings of their flashing hoofs illumine his ghastly
 face.

Ah! vainly doth he strive to pray—his pallid lips are
frozen,

God's Mother, break the wicked spell that binds his
body now.

His eyes must view the phantom coach, whose door is
swinging open,

Within—a reeking body—'tis his victim's clotted brow!

A shriek upon the midnight air,—a rumble in the
darkness,

Again the demon horses thro' the mountain speed away.
Stark dead upon the roadside, in his eyes a nameless
horror,

They found Black Niall lying at the breaking of the
day!

Where four roads meet they buried him when even-
shades were falling;

But when night's dusky curtains on the shrinking hills
drop down,

They hear the Dead Coach rushing by, and cross their
foreheads saying;

"His soul must ride till judgment with the Coista Gann
Kown."

THE BRIDGE OF ORMONDE

(A Ballad of Kilkenny)

Ormonde's castle stones are high
Ormonde's brazen gates are grand
Rich is the Lord of Ormonde, why
Coveted he my cot and land?

Steady and clear the river flows
Under the Bridge of Ormonde
Out with the flood my spirit goes
Far from the shades of Ormonde
I see the home was once mine own
Desolate now its cold hearth-stone
Barren the fields and weed-o'er-grown
Stamped with the curse of Ormonde.

"Rent or the land"! they said that day
And drove us out on the bleak highway
I cannot rest and I cannot pray
Cursing the greed of Ormonde.

Proudly above Kilkenny town
Tower the walls of Ormonde
I wander up and I wander down
Over the Bridge of Ormonde.

My heart is broken, my hopes are dead
No roof to shelter a flaxen head
But he lies soft on a downy bed
Safe in the palace of Ormonde!

The tyrant!—Safe! Ah! dread desire
My soul is seethed in vengeful fire!
Christ rescue me from these whispers dire!
Close by the gates of Ormonde.

Peaceful and still the waters flow
Under the Bridge of Ormonde
Would that my tortured breast were so
Here by the halls of Ormonde.
Mother of God! (the sweet words bless)
Hinder my hand from wickedness
Aid! oh aid me in dark distress
Lone on the Bridge of Ormonde.

THE BALLAD OF "GREY NORRIS"

I

Norris of Keem, the rich lord of Achill
To find good soil for his garden bed
Sent down his vassals to Doogart Abbey
To filch the dust of the holy dead

Full deep they burrowed with ribald jesting
Beneath the walls and the cross-marked stones
Dark clay they took for his garden's dressing
Piling in heaps the uncovered bones

All bleached and whitened by rain and wind-blast
Naked and pitiful things were they
'Till spoke Grey Norris "a great fire build ye
Consume this plague from my sight away"

They built the fire gainst the abbey's gable
(Its blood-red mark doth the peasant show)
The hallowed relics of God's true servants
Crumbled to ashes within its glow

II

Norris of Achill, one night walked homeward
By the dark road thro' the abbey wood
Sudden he stopped, and his blood ran icy!
A great red wolf-hound against him stood!

Was it a hound?—for the form was changing
Lo! as he looked, 'twas a fiery horse!
Grey Norris shaded his eyes in horror
Then gazed again—on a shrouded corse!

The dead approached him, all grisly staring
And caught his hand in a cold, cold clasp
Home thro' the night went the Lord of Achill
And never the dead hand loosed its grasp

Loud at the Castle they heard a knocking
And quick unbolted the ponderous door
Grey Norris entered his marbled hall-way
A gibbering madman forevermore

*Rev'rent pray for the souls departed
Rev'rent touch ye their hallowed clay
Side by side shall all men be standing
Before God's face on the Judgment Day.*

WHEN THE WEST WIND BLOWS

I'm leaving of Kilronan,
An' I'm goin' ten mile away,
To the back of Nephin mountain,
Where the gentle rivers play.
I must flee the wicked ocean
That has caused my woe of woes,
For its cryin' waves they rack me
When the west wind blows.

'Tis the torture of a mother
When her treasured ones are lost,
An' she sees the bitter water
Where their cold limbs are tossed!
Oh, black the hour they sailed away
The angry clouds arose,
An' their bed is hard an' troubled
Where the west wind blows!

I heard the Banshee wailin',
An' woke in heavy fright;
I said, "My Neil and Moran,
Oh, go not out to-night.

For I heard the Banshee cryin'
Where the haunted hazel grows,
An' 'tis evil sound, her kee
When the west wind blows!"

My gold-haired Moran kissed me,
(Oh! bleeding heart so sore!)
" 'Tis back we'll be at mornin',
With a brimming boat galore;
'Tis home we'll come at mornin',
When the full tide flows."
Ah! his words are with me ever
While the west wind blows.

I'm leavin' of Kilronan,
An' the ocean's wicked waves,
My keenest woe that never
I may kneel o'er their graves;
But I'll pray to God, our Father,
He will grant their souls repose;
He will ease my bitter sorrow,
While the west wind blows!

KNOCK-AN-FAERIN

(From the Irish)

Oh, 'tis back to Knock-an Faerin that my longing heart
would go,
To hear the wild wind singing and the breezes sobbing
low.

I'm weary of the valleys; and the sunny hills aglow
Call me back to Knock-an-Faerin where the heather-
blossoms grow.

I came to Kil-mac-Owen here to seek for work and
bread;
I tried to drive the thought of home and neighbors from
my head;
The Master and the Missus are as kind as kind could be;
But my eyes are blind with trouble when the far blue
hills I see.

Sure here the talk is always about money, work, and
rent,
And they're mighty cute and serious when a penny's to
be spent;
The youngsters are like city lads with boots upon their
feet;
They scarcely say "God save ye!" when you pass them
on the street.

Oh! 'tis up in Knock-an Faerin that the *ceannabhan* is
fair,
And primroses with sweetest breath are scenting all the
air;
The mountain rills are leaping down all flashing as they
flow
From pleasant Knock-an-Faerin where the heather-
blossoms grow.

I've seen the County Dublin and I've traveled thro' Kil-
dare;
My native old Kilkenny doth the palm of beauty bear;
And within our sweet Kilkenny's bounds the sweetest
spot I know
Is grand old Knock-an-Faerin where the heather-blos-
soms grow.

To see the clouds come rolling down the Comeragh's
craggy side,
And Sliav-na-mon up-swelling from the Suir's shining
tide,
The hills and glynns and valleys for a dozen leagues
or so
You can view from Knock-an-Faerin where the heather-
blossoms grow.

'Tis there the grass is greenest and the sky is richest
blue,
The hawthorn blooms in fairest flower, and hearts are
ever true;
And stalwart hands for Erin that will strike a crashing
blow,
They wait in Knock-an-Faerin where the heather-
blossoms grow.

I'm weary of the valleys, and the wind is calling now,
'Tis sweeping to the sunny hills beyond Sliav-Una's
brow;
The spade I'll pitch into the ditch and with the wind
I'll go!
Hurrah! for Knock-an-Faerin where the heather-blos-
soms grow!

THE CRUISE OF THE BLUE MAUREEN

It was the brave ship Blue Maureen
Swept out from Queenstown Bay,
Nor shortened sail to the rising gale
That whipped the seas to spray.

Her skipper was Rorke, of County Cork,
Where daring men are bred ;
Dark scowling now he stood at the prow
And scanned the skies ahead.

A smuggler free and fierce was he
As e'er foiled revenue brand ;
No storm could daunt him on the sea,
And he feared no law on land.

He wore away to the wild sou'-west,
He flew as the swallow flies,
Past Seven Heads, and the Galley's crest
To where the Three Stags rise.

He entered a lonely cove at last,
And a Spanish ship lay there ;
The Blue Maureen they loaded clean
With cargo rich and rare.

And none too quick was done the trick
For as he sheered away
A gun-boat cleared the ocean-swell
And stuck its nose in the bay.

Said Rorke, "The revenue-man's not built
Can fool a fox like me"—
He found a gate thro' a hidden strait,
And danced on the open sea.

"Now Revenue-man, it's catch who can"
Said Rorke, "an' we've slipped ye well,
Ho, now for a chase and a clipping race
Your vaunted speed to tell".

The storm-gust shook the Blue Maureen
And blew her into the west
Like thistle-down in the summer breeze
From Brown Knocmeldon's crest.

The skipper laughed to his flying craft,
No revenue boat was seen—
"And would they match their smoky hulks
To sail with the Blue Maureen?"

"Now lads to wind with her a bit
We'll head for port again,
See yonder cloud like a dead man's shroud,
It carries a hurricane."

They looked and the erstwhile smiling south
Grew dark—as dark midnight.
Dusky and dun became the sun
And baleful was his light.

Black and blacker the skies became
Till a white bolt crashed o'erhead,
And out of the pall came a thunder-call
Like the last trump of the dead.

'Ho! down the sails—'ware foul or slip!
And watch ye well the south
We've saved our ship from the bailiff's grip
But we've run in the Tempest's mouth!"

"A plague on my eyes that see no sign,
A plague on the coming blast,
'T will carry us bare to who knows where
Nor leave us a rag to mast."

He spoke, and the hissing hurricane
Drove in to show him true;
It caught the ship in a gusty grip
And blind to the north she flew.

Oh, blind she flew till the pallid crew
For fear could scarce draw breath;
Said Rorke, "this drift is steady and swift
And the end of it all is death."

"The end is death, be it long or short,
Not mine the skill to know,
Or grinding shock on a hidden rock
Or flung on a white ice-floe."

Then northward drove the Blue Maureen,
Still north a day and night,
With never a lift nor once a shift
The hurricane proved its might.

The toppling combers swept her deck,
Hard-lashed the helm-wheel strained,
The bending mast in the ruthless blast,
Like tortured soul complained.

Said Rorke: "An angry God's above,
And the devil is 'neath our keel,
'Tis late in the day for me to pray,
And now I may not kneel."

"For Heaven would scorn my puling now,
And I may spare my breath;
See yon black wall! Ho! shipmates all!
'Tis there—the end—and death!"

The Blue Maureen swung wide and high,
And over the yawning waves
A rock-bound coast the vision crossed,
They saw their waiting graves.

Black Rorke clung fast by the shaking mast,
When sudden he was aware
A Shape of fear was standing near—
No mortal man stood there.

Steady and stark the Stranger stood,
Nor recked the reeling ship;
Then: "Dermot Rorke, you have done your work
And sailed your last sea-trip."

"Cast is the line, and the prize is mine
So now I claim your soul."
The skipper he looked to scowling rocks,
And heard the breakers roll.

"Oh life is sweet with death to meet,"
The skipper said with a sigh.
"I'll sell my soul when seven years roll
If now you pass me by."

"Your soul is mine," said the demon then,
"When e'er I will to take,
But now you'll sell your child as well,
And saved be for her sake.

"Her soul is bright with a wondrous light
(God's grace within her grew)
I'll take that soul when seven years roll,
And till that time spare you."

Burst from the skipper a cry of fear;
"What! take my child?" he said,
"Not for the earth and all 'tis worth
I'd sell a hair of her head."

“Oh, Lord, that rules the wind, and stirs
The deep seas with Thy breath,
In this dread hour show forth Thy power—
Save us from sin and death!”

The sinner prayed—his lips were stirred
By grace of his own child's prayer;
At a distant shrine her call was heard,
God crowned her pleading there.

Ah! none may claim Christ's aid in vain;
And now a child's weak moan
Pierces the sky and there on high
Sweet mercy claims its own.

Great is Thy saving Name, O Christ!
Afar the Tempter flies,
God's holy peace falls o'er the seas,
The storm-blast moaning dies!

By Queenstown Bay, on the sand-bars gray,
Beached high a boat is seen
She sails no more where deep seas roar,
'Tis the brave ship Blue Maureen.

No more she'll breast the billow's crest
On perilous cruise out-bound,
All peaceful now is the skipper's brow,
God's friendship he hath found.

Death's call he waits, at the harbor gates,
With hope God's port to see;
May skies be fair on his voyage there,
And Christ his Pilot be!

CNOC-MAOL-DHOUN*

Ah! sweet is Avondhuv that flows by lordly Cappoquin
And sighing low the south winds blow across the Vale
 of Glin,
God's blessings on our Irish land, as well in field and
 town,
But give me strength and let me stand on Cnoc-Maol-
 Dhoun.

Now fairy hands are finding me and friendly sprites
 are they,
Oh, fairy hands are binding me, "we'll bear you up,"
 they say;
"Come up where starry heather-flowers and golden gorse
 encrown
The monarch of all fairy-mounds, our Cnoc-Maol-
 Dhoun."

I yield me to their magic spell, its power is not gain-
 said,
We leave at once the lowly dell, and seek the mountain's
 head,
I feel the breeze of ocean now, I smell the *fraoich***
 brown,
And cooled the fever of my brow on Cnoc-Maol-Dhoun.

*The brown Smooth Hill—In County Waterford, Ireland.

***Fraoich*—Mountain-heather.

Afar the shining Suir leaps Ardfinan's woodlands o'er,
Afar the thundrous billow sweeps thine echoing wall
Ardmore;
On sunny hill and misty vale my vision ranges down,
And fancy teems with olden dreams, on Cnoc-Maol-
Dhoun.

On yonder plain, in war-array, I see the hosts of Finn,
And mighty chiefs of ancient day,—I hear their arms'
din;
Famed Oisin of the Yellow Locks and Conan of Re-
nown,
Their shadows rise before mine eyes, on Cnoc-Maol-
Dhoun.

Pass Conall and the Red Branch Knights,—and Maev,
to conflict dire,
See great Cuculain, "Lord of Fights" his spear a flame
of fire.
A moment through the shifting mist sad Deirdre's face
is shown,
Kind fairies grant the sight ye list, on Cnoc-Maol-
Dhoun.

Ah! poor in sordid wealth of gold, but rich is Erin still
In magic spell and legend old, that cling to heath and
hill,
Dearer than gold a thousand fold, God's beauties rare
that crown,
The streams that flow thy heights below, old Cnoc-Maol-
Dhoun.

SONG OF THE LITTLE VILLAGES*

The pleasant little villages that grace the Irish glynn
Down among the wheat-fields,—up amid the whins,
The little white-walled villages crowding close together,
Clinging to the Old Sod in spite of wind and weather:

Ballytarsney, Ballymore, Ballyboden, Boyle,
Ballingarry, Ballymagorry by the Banks of Foyle,
Ballylaneen, Ballyporeen, Bansha, Ballysadare,
Ballybrack, Ballinalack, Barna, Ballyclare.

The cosy little villages that shelter from the mist,
Where the great West Walls by ocean-spray are kissed;
The happy little villages that cuddle in the sun
When blackberries ripen and the harvest work is done.

Corrymeela, Croaghnaakeela, Clogher, Cahirciveen,
Cappaharoe, Carrigaloe, Cashel and Coosheen,
Castlefinn and Carrigtohill, Crumlin, Clara, Clane,
Carrigholt, Carrigaline, CloghJordan and Coolrain.

The dreamy little villages, where by the fires at night,
Old Shanachies with ghostly tale the boldest hearts af-
fright;

The crooning of the wind-blast is the wailing Banshee's
cry,

And when the silver hazels stir they say the fairies sigh.

Kilfenora, Kilfinnane, Kinnity, Killylea,
Kilmoganny, Kiltamagh, Kilronan and Kilrea,
Killashandra, Kilmacow, Killiney, Killashee,
Killenaule, Killmyshall, Killorglin and Killeagh.

*All the names are genuine.

Leave the little villages, o'er the black seas go,
Learn the stranger's welcome, learn the exile's woe,
Leave the little villages, but think not to forget
Afar they'll rise before your eyes to rack your bosoms
yet.

Moneymore, Moneygall, Monivea and Moyne,
Mullinahone, Mullinavatt, Mullagh and Mooncoin,
Shanagolden, Shanballymore, Stranorlar and Slane,
Toberaheena, Toomyvara, Tempo and Strabane.

On the Southern Llanos,—north where strange light
gleams,

Many a yearning exile sees them in his dreams
Dying voices murmur (passed all pain and care)
"Lo the little villages, God has heard our prayer."

Lisdoonvarna, Lissadil, Lisdargan, Lisnaskea,
Portglenone, Portarlinton, Portumna, Portmagee,
Clondalkin and Clongowan, Cloondara and Clonae,
God bless the little villages and guard them night
and day!

THE SWEET RIVER SUIR

*“ The gentle Shure that making way
By sweet Clonmell, adorns rich Waterford.”—
Spencer’s Faerie Queen, Book IV, Canto XI.*

From Devil’s Bit to Thurles, from Golden unto Cahir,
By castle-crowned Ardfinan running pure
Past Carrick and Kilsheelan, ever sparkling, ever wheel-
ing
Flow the waters of the sweet river Suir.

The Galtees and Slieveardagh send their torrents to its
flood
Bright Anner comes from storied Sliav-na-mon
The sunshine and the shadows follow fast across the
meadows
Till the dews o’ the morn are gone.

By the rich flowery fields of the pleasant Golden Vale
By broken Norman tower and hamlet white
The whisperings of the Suir saddest bosom would allure
When its glad waters dance in the light.

The winds croon and sob thro' ruined abbey walls
Weird music echoes from the fairy-mound
And the sad mystic rhymes of long-forgotten times
In the murmur of the Suir resound.

In cool, sheltered glens where glossy hazels nod
The wild linnet thrills a joyful lay
The thrush and blackbird singing, sweetest melodies
are flinging
Thro' brier-scented groves all day.

'Tis there now I'd be, for my heart is ever there,
Where Tippreary and Kilkenny plains stretch out
Where the rival Gaels are dashing, and the stalwart
hurlers clashing
Make din above the throng's great shout.

Ah! fair is Killarney where the smile of God is seen
And dear to me thy woodlands Glenmalure
But when this life is ended and cold earth with earth is
blended
Let me rest by the sweet river Suir.

BALLAD OF THE BANSHEE

Back thro' the hills I hurried home
Ever my boding soul would say
"Mother and sister bid thee come
Long, too long has been thy stay."

Stars shone out, but the moon was pale
Touched by a black cloud's ragged rim
Sudden I heard the Banshee's wail
Where Malmor's war-tower rises grim.

Quickly I strode across the slope
Passed the grove and the Fairy Mound
(Gloomy the moat where blind owls mope)
Scarcely breathing, I glanced around.

Mother of mercy! there she sat
A woman clad in a snow-white shroud
Streamed her hair to the damp moss-mat
White the face on her bosom bowed.

"Spirit of Woe," I eager cried,
"Tell me none that I love has gone,"
"Cold is the grave": my accents died—
The Banshee lifted her face so wan.

Pale and wan as the waning moon
Seen when the sun-spears herald dawn
Ceased all sudden her dreary croon
Full on my own her wild eyes shone.

Burned and seared my inmost soul
 (When shall sorrow depart from me?)
Black-winged terror upon me stole
 Blindly gaping, I turned to flee.

Back by the grove and haunted mound
 O'er the lone road I know not how
Hearkened afar my baying hound
 Home at last at the low hill's brow.

Lone the cottage—the door flung wide
 Four lights burned—oh sight of dread!
Breathing a prayer, I rushed inside,
 “Mercy, God!” ’twas my mother, dead!

Dead and white as the fallen leaf
 (Kneeling my sister prayed near by)
Wild as I wrestled with my grief
 Far and faint came the Banshee's cry.

LAMENT FOR CILL CEANNAIGH

It is my bitter sorrow that the heavy-rolling main
Betwixt me and the land I love up-swells to mock my
pain;

A weary load is on me that the Spring is here again—
And I far away from Kilkenny.

This cheerless exile, day by day, more grievously I rue,
And foreign skies grow dark to me recalling skies of
blue,

Fade out, ye stretching city streets, and smile the fields
I knew,

In the gold-misty vales of Kilkenny.

On Suir's banks the winds of March awake the daffodil—
In sprouting groves by Clodagh's stream the cuckoo's
numbers thrill,

The saucy, sunny primroses in hollow and on hill
Are scenting the gale of Kilkenny.

Oh ye that pass o'er heath and grass, all in the morning
dawn,

The heights to breast, your brows caressed with breeze
from Sliav-na-mon;

Till Suir shines in golden light, and every shadow's
gone,

Bless God that your home's in Kilkenny.

Along the winding country ways the hawthorn hedge is
white,
The red breast from his mossy nest doth watch you out
of sight;
Ah, sweet the day in balmy May, and soft the dewy
night
That falls o'er my Lome in Kilkenny.

To list the ploughman's cheery voice,—the Fisher's joy-
ful call,
To hear the ruddy *bouchals* shout that guide the cows to
stall;
To watch the stalwart hurlers leap and strike the bound-
ing ball,
*Mo bhron** that I'm far from Kilkenny.

There is a heather-belted hill lifts high its summit
bare—
And up its sides the pleasant fields are climbing every-
where;
If I'd my way, 'tis there today I'd breathe the blessed
air,
And greet my old friends in Kilkenny.

O Erin, call thy scattered sons, and bid them all unite—
"Too long in alien wars ye bleed—unblest that fruitless
fight,
Return again, unconquered men, and strong demand
your right,
Free homes in the vales of Kilkenny.

**Mo vrone*—my grief.

RHYME OF THE STILL HUNTERS

(*A Ballad of Iar-Connaught*)

It was the Gauger Regan Buie*
That pensive came to bask,
One sunny day by Galway Bay,
And sat on an empty cask.

A Gauger old and stern was he,
Grim foe to fresh *poteen*,
Had sought the still o'er vale and hill;
Full steady his scent I ween.

He lit his pipe and he puffed a puff,
He spat on the salty tide.
He gazed on the blue-black Connaught Hills
Then drooped his head and sighed:

"Now, Regan Buie, what sight dost see
On the lonesome Connaught Hills?"
I see on Kylimore's swelling slopes
The smoke of whiskey stills.

I feel the peat spring to my feet,
I scent the gorse-clad waste,
I long again for crag and glen
Where mountain rivers raced.

*Recte—Regan Buidhe:—Yellow or golden-haired Regan.

Full dim my sight that once was light,
My bones are stiff and sore,
But the Connaught Hills are calling now,
And it's off I'd be once more.

Oh, off again with the mountain men;
I knew them one and all—
Jack Joyce that kept round Knockaniss,
And Teig at Balnagal;

And Maelmorra Lynch, of Dalystown:
But the keenest rogue drew breath
Was Dhiarmid Roe,* of Ballinasloe,
Sly fox and game to death.

'Twas many a day we went his way,
Full sure to find his lair
In the Boughta Hills where smoked his stills
On the bounds of County Clare.

And many a night, a woeful sight,
My men and I slunk home,
While down from the shadowy mountain cliffs
His mocking voice would come:—

“Ho, Regan Buie you're far to see
“My pearly mountain dew,
“I'll send you a pint with never a stint,
“First run and tested true.

*Dhiarmid Roe—Red Dermot.

"But haste you now from the mountain tracks
"Go home to Galway Town
"And say when there that I beat you fair
"For all your name's renown."

We wandered there when fields were fair
And the furze a flame of gold:
We sought again for the outlaw's den
When winter winds blew cold.

One day at last we followed fast;
The trail was straight and true;
Close was the chase till a cliff's dark face
Concealed him from our view.

High and low for a hiding place
We searched and searched again,
Till we found a rift in the granite cliff,
The door of Dhiarmid's den.

Oh chill that cave as a churchyard vault;
Our hearts had need be bold;
Black was its mouth, but the womb within
Was blacker a hundredfold.

High and steep were the stony walls
The roof was lost to view;
With shuffle and jar like thunder far
Our footfalls echoed through.

Spoke Jack Ryan, of Bansha town,
Who feared not man or ghost;
"I hear a tread on the road ahead;"
And he followed the footsteps fast.

On through the midnight mirk he went,
With never a thought or care;
But I heard the sound of a torrent's rush,
And called to him, "Beware!"

"'Ware a trap or an open cleft;"
My warning came too late;
A stumble, a cry that chilled our hearts,
And quick we knew his fate.

Thud and thud on the rocky shelves
We heard his body go,
And plunge at last in the raving flood
A thousand feet below.

Then flashed a light and the cave was bright,
Wet gleamed each dripping ledge;
A mighty chasm our pathway barred—
Full close we viewed its edge.

Heavy and deep in sullen sweep
We heard the flood below,
But over its din a voice broke in
The challenge of Dhiarmid Roe:

"Ho, Regan Buie on your bended knee

"Pray God to save your soul;

"Your grave is a thousand feet below

"And never a bell to toll.

"Your grave is a thousand feet below—

"Your children wait at home,

"And your wife shall cry as the days go by

"For a husband ne'er to come.

"But think on the home in Galway town

"And think of child and wife

"And make me a solemn promise here,

"Your word shall buy your life.

"For never again the mountain men

"Your stealthy steps must fear.

"The crag and glen for the mountain men;

"The slope for the mountain deer?

"No more the still you'll hunt and spill,

"Or range the gorse-lands high;

"Your word will hold, 'gainst glory and gold;—

"Who breaks our law must die!"

Then stout his challenge I answered back,

And spoke as man to man:

"My word won't go to Dhiarmid Roe,

"So work the worst you can.

"I'll hunt you again by crag and glen
(God care for child and wife:)
"But, e'er I give you the pledging word
"I'll part with them and life."

Then Dhiarmid Roe spoke grave and slow;
"Your death-knell's sounding now;
"No hurrying ball your soul shall call,
"Grim fear must make you bow.

"Your grave is deep and your grave is high,
"Its walls are soundless rock;
"And never a soul shall hear you call,
"Whilst I your sufferings mock."

He spoke and the blessed light was gone,
We groped in darkest gloom;
The thundrous flow of the flood below,
Sounding a knell of doom.

Blind on our track we floundered back,
Our folly to bemoan;
We felt our way where the passage lay,
And struck but the solid stone.

Searched we there in our heart's despair,
But ever the same we found.
Naught but the boiling depths beneath
And the iron rock around.

Oh, deep our grave by a hidden wave,
And far from friends and home
Where never a soul as long years roll
To breathe a prayer would come.

Then cried Ned Power of Parsonstown,
My friend in raid and fray:
"We've held the front in many a brunt
"But this is the end to-day.

"Oh this is the end and worse to fear—
"My curse on Dhiarmid Roe!
"May all his flinty heart holds dear
"Rise up to work him woe."—

Heavy and slow the crawling hours,
And each one seemed a day,
In the deadly gloom of that living tomb
Our live strength ebbed away.

And when sweet visions crossed the brain
Of homes we'd see no more,
We heard the drop of the reeking rock
And the rumbling torrent's roar.

At last a light flashed full and bright;
'Twas sweet as breaking day,
And full in the glow stood Dhiarmid Roe
And mocked us where we lay:

"Ho, Regan Buie, are the hounds at bay,
"Brought up and trapped at last?
"You've had your fun of many a run,
"But your hunting days are past.

"A plague on ye for stubborn fools!
"Speak now the word I said;
"The riftless rock is all around
"And the rock-roof overhead.

"I'll send ye back to Galway Town
"Where wife and children wait.
"The time goes by and the end is nigh—
"Speak now or speak too late."

Up spoke Ned Power of Parsonstown:
"Your pardon, Regan Buie:
"The word your pride forever would hide
"I'll speak for you and me.

"Oh, never again by heath and glen
(God pay thee, Dhiarmid Roe!)
"Were a whiskey-still on every hill,
"On the outlaw's track we'll go.

"Were a smuggler's still on every hill,
"And a scent to make one reel,
"Oh! never again on the mountain men
"Like blooded sleuths we'll steal.

"Tho' many an outlaw roam unchanged,
"Of high and low degree,
"To Dhiarmid Roe the palm must go,
"The chief of rascals he."

Then smiled that rascal, Dhiarmid Roe,
A wicked smile to see,
And said: "This day is the day indeed,
"And worth a world to me."

"The day that I baffled Regan Buie
"And brought his boasting low,
"A pint I'll brew of the mountain dew
"To treat ye ere ye go."

He bound our eyes and he led us on,
And when we looked again,
We saw the spot, we long had sought,
The daring outlaw's den.

Busy and neat, in all complete,
Vat and worm and still,
The mountaineer for many a year
Had worked them all at will.

Then Dhiarmid Roe: "Now ere ye go
"Ye'll test my mountain dew."
And loud he laughed as the potent draught
Our shaking frames thrilled through.

Oh, gay his laugh and merry his chaff,
As he showed the homeward way,
And "Regan Buie in the years to be
"You'll never rue this day.

Oh, come again to the mountain men,
"A Government spy no more:
"Their friendship true I'll warrant you
"And welcoming hearts galore."

He said and we looked our last on him,
Then turned our faces home;
But every year to my cottage here
A stealthy cask doth come.

And writ in the ancient Gaelic tongue
This legend you may see:
"Sweet mountain dew, from Dhiarmid Roe,
To the Gauger, Regan Buie."

Oh, mellow and true that mountain dew.
Old heart and brain it thrills.
*I see as I saw in days of old,
The wind-swept Connaught Hills;*

*I feel the peat beneath my feet;
I smell the heathery waste;
I long again for the crag and glen
Where thundering torrents raced.*

THE FALLIN' O' THE RAIN

(Translated from the Irish)

Good-bye to County Carlow, 'tis the lonesome place to
me:

Sure every week is like a month, and every month like
three.

The mist is comin' wet and cold, but now I won't com-
plain,

I'm going home, and little reck the fallin' o' the rain.

'Twas foolishness that brought me here, I wonder at it
now;

Too proud was I to work the spade or follow up the
plow;

But little work and gold galore won't heal the heart o'
pain,

And I'm off to old Kilkenny thro' the fallin' o' the rain.

'Twas foolishness that brought me here, 'twas madness
made me stay,

With not a hillside slopin' green to rest my eyes all day,
But Allen's bog outstretchin' like the level, blindin'
main,

And ne'er a burst o' sunshine for the fallin' o' the rain.

A plague upon the landlord crew, they're everywhere
the same:

If Ireland's deep in poverty, we know to whom the
blame;

Black greed is in their grasping hearts, they'd rob us
root and grain,

Just judgment fall upon 'em with the fallin' o' the rain.

The lads are tall and hearty here, their faces good to see,
And God will sure reward 'em all their kindness unto
me;

But when I joined their merry dance, and heard the
pipers play,

My heart nigh burst with longin' for the faces far away.

I wonder if 'tis but a dream a hundred times a day,
And draw my hand across my eyes to drive it all away;
Then faint and dim I see the hills beyond this weary
plain,

They call my wild heart ever thro' the fallin' o' the rain.

But—soon I'll breathe the heather-breath on brown
Knockbrocken's side

And see a silver-shining stream across the valleys glide;
No rest shall taste these weary limbs, or sleep the throb-
bin' brain,

'Till Suir's flood shows gleamin' thro' the fallin' o' the
rain.

Oh, high are Ormonde's castle stones, and princely Cur-
ragh-More,
But built are they on Irish bones and washed with Irish
gore;
Yet surely out from bondage God will lead His own
again,
And dry the tears long fallin' like the fallin' o' the rain.

And then my native Ossory, whose vales now greet my
gaze,
Upon thy hundred mountain peaks the triumph-fires
shall blaze,
Thy glory shall be fairer for the waitin' years o' pain,
As comin' sunshine flashes thro' the fallin' o' the rain.

THE WHITE HAZEL

A Fairy Ballad

Adown a quiet glen where the gowan-berries glisten
And the linnet, shyest bird of all, his wild note warbles
free;

Where the scented woodbine-blossoms o'er the brooklet
bend to listen,

There stands upon a mossy bank, a white-hazel tree.

Oh! fair it is to view, when the zephyr rustles lightly,
And warm sunlight glances back from polished bole and
branch;

For then like wavelets on the rill the pendant leaves
flash brightly,

And daisies nod in concert round the column straight
and stanch.

But when the day is ended, and the solemn moon is
shining;

And shadows grim and ghostly fall on grove and glen
and lea,

Then godless elves their fairy paths with glow-worm
lamps are lining,

And potent spells of magic bind this white-hazel tree.

For from their gorgeous palaces the fairy bands come
stealing,
To dance in sportive circles on the never bending moss;
And the velvet-soft caressing of their finger-touches
healing,
Brings to the sere white-hazel bark again its youthful
gloss.

And round and round they skip and glide in strange
fantastic measure,
To weird, unhallowed melodies of fairy minstrelsy,
Yet mortal ear may never hear those sounds of elfin
pleasure,
And no whisper of its secrets gives the white-hazel tree.

But should the peasant wander nigh that baleful bower,
unthinking,
And sudden feel the chilling of the haunted hazel's
shade,
A nameless horror seizes on his spirit, bowed and shrink-
ing,
And making oft the Holy Sign, he hurries home dis-
mayed.

CAHAL O'DRISCOLL

A Fairy Ballad

Little Cahal O'Driscoll, with hair like beams o' the sun
And eyes that shone like Shannon and smiled till your
heart was won.

The village is never the same since they took the child
away.

Oh! where was the Blessed Mother that dark and sor-
rowful day!

The breath o' the winter is gone and the sun is hot in
the sky,

The innocent daisies smiling, the primrose peeping shy;
But the weeshy boy that loved them reckes light o' their
beauty now.

A fairy prince they've crowned him on Knocksheegow-
na's brow.

It broke the heart o' his mother; she's dead this many a
day,

The grass and the holy *seamrogs* have covered her griefs
away.

Asthru! 'tis black with the world! his father's mind is
gone,

He says that he meets him nightly in the shadow o'
Sliav-na-mon.

That day,—but 'tis well I mind me,—poor Cahal stray-
ed alone
Far up from the sleepy village to the haunted Cairn
Stone;
'Twas all in the blessed Maytime, so lonesomelike and
still!
And he saw not the wild *Shee Guiha** move down Sliev-
earden Hill

He looked from the fairy cairn to the dim hills far
away;
The dreamy sun was gleaming in distant Glennan Bay.
In Killan's shadowy woodlands he saw the swift red
deer,
But never the dread *Shee Guiha* that swifter glided
near.

Monuar!** for the bleeding dove borne high in the
eagle's beak;
Monuar! when the gaunt wolf leaps on the lambkin
lorn and weak;
But darker our Cahal's woe, that terrible hour and day,
The elfin armies snatched him to Knocksheegowna gray!

.

**Shee Guiha*—a fairy wind.

***Monuar*—My grief! alas!

His father says he meets him in the shadow o' Sliav-na-
mon,

Who knows but 'tis truth he's talking—his head, poor
man, is gone.

The village is never the same since *they* took the boy
away,

Oh! where was the Saviour's Mother that dark and sor-
rowful day?

BALLAD OF THE BITTER DEATH

“Heavy your grief *mo cailin dhas*
Wandering over the damp night grass
Friendless and sad in the gloom alone
Why do I hear your hopeless moan?”

“Lost is my home where thick mist falls
The roof-tree burnt and black the walls
My mother died in the blinding rain
I saw her white face pinched with pain”

“Who drove ye out in the bitter cold
Out on the drenched and houseless wold?”
“The Lord of Claragh in cruel greed
He gave our hearth to the damp moss-weed”

“Oh dry the tear drops from your eye
That mother is safe with God on High
Your father’s arm is stout and strong
Another home will he build ere long”

“The Lord of Claragh was shot one night
They took my father by morning’s light
They hanged him high upon Newry Jail
Oh marvel not that I weep and wail”

“Sorrow no more your father dead
His sin was shriven—his penance dread
For guilt of blood, at the Judgment Throne
The Saviour’s death shall make atone”

“Would: oh: would the words were true
But blackest of all this grief I rue:—
My father’s soul is lost for aye
He cursed his foe as he died that day.

“God’s love the pitying priest made known
But my father’s heart was changed to stone
He turned his eyes from the Saviour’s face
He knelt not to welcome the Saviour’s grace.

“His lost soul haunts me everywhere
I look to Heaven, but vain my prayer
My tears fall fast as the wintry rain
But peace ne’er comes to this breast again.”

GALTEE-MOR

Joyously the young leaves rustle,
Sweetly breathes the jocund May;
But a day-dream is upon me,
And my spirit wings away
To the fair land of my boyhood,
To the friends beloved of yore,
Where thy slopes sublime swell upward
Galtee-mor, Galtee-mor,
Where thy stony brow looms upward,
Galtee-mor.

'Twas a glory to behold thee
When thy summer woods were green,
And the blossomed furze and heather
Wove thee robe of golden sheen.
How the morning sun in splendor
Blazed above thy summit hoar,
Thou wert then a thing of magic,
Galtee-mor, Galtee-mor,
Round thee. fairy spells and magic,
Galtee-mor.

I have loved thy torrents' clamor
When the vivid lightnings crash,
And with mighty song of joyance,
O'er their furrowed beds they dash,
There was witchery in the wild wind
And the tameless rivers' roar,
In my soul they found an echo,
Galtee-mor, Galtee-mor,
In my leaping heart an echo,
Galtee-mor.

Oft the Rapparee has sought thee,
Hiding from the ruthless foe,
Thou hast heard the outlaw's bugle,
Winding far thro' Aherlow.
Hapless Eire's sole avengers
In her night of anguish sore,
They were children of thy bosom,
Galtee-mor, Galtee-mor,
Cherished of thy rugged bosom,
Galtee-mor.

I have loved each vale thou guardest,
I have loved the peasants bold,
Honest hearts are theirs, and kindly,
Figures of heroic mould
See "magnificent Tipp'rary",
Rampant on a field of gore!
Glad they die for thee and Erin,
Galtee-mor, Galtee-mor,
Proudly die for thee and Erin,
Galtee-mor.

.

'Tis a dream that I've been dreaming
And my soul was far away—
Alien skies are bending o'er me,
This is not an Irish May.—
Shall I look again on Erin
Ere my span of life be o'er
Shall I view thy face majestic,
Galtee-mor, Galtee-mor,
Linger by thy heights majestic,
Galtee-mor.

AVON-CLODY*

From lone and savage Coumshinaun the crystal Clody
 leaps,
And foams in many a seething fall down Comeragh's
 craggy steeps;
Past deep defile and cavern grim where outlaws dwelt
 of yore;—
Then out it sweeps upon the plain, at princely Curragh-
 more.

What wonder-words you whispered me, O Clody when a
 child,
I watched your whirling waters wheel, and wavelets
 dancing wild;
Sure could I sing the songs you sang, I'd banish Erin's
 woe
And rouse again the scattered clans to strike a triumph-
 blow.

And joy it was to ramble out and see thy waters gleam
Where Mothel's famous "holy well" sent in its silver
 stream,
And where by Durrow's Abbey gray with cadence soft
 they fell
Till fancy in the tinkling sand heard long-hushed matin
 bell.

*The Avon-Clody or Clody river—Avon being the Gaelic term for river—has its source in Lake Coumshinaun, amid the bold scenery of the Comeragh Mountains, and traversing a rich district of the County Waterford, enters the Suir near Portlaw.

How oft in troubled days of old the fearless Rapparee
Has sought thy source, wild Coumshinaun, to watch for
liberty,
And like thy torrent's rush and roar, his swoop and slogan-cheer
Brought joy to Erin's tortured heart and blanched her
foes with fear.

Passed there the banned and hunted priest upon his
secret track,
When piety was law-forbid, and faith a treason black,
And in Coumdhala's fastnesses he found a shelter good
When baffled human quarry-hounds were panting for
his blood.

Thou too, O laughing Clody, by thy margin rich and
green
The peasant's humble cot hast marked, his simple joys
hast seen,
And didst thou whisper sympathy, when fear and famine loomed
And wanton greed that happy hearth to ruthless ruin
doomed.

Ye rushing streams of Erin's Isle how sad your lightest
song,
Methinks your waters still run red with centuries of
wrong;
And spectres of the murdered dead look from each war-
scarred tower
When wails the wild-voiced mountain-blast at gloomy
midnight hour.

Fair streams of Erin, oft our hopes new-kindled, died
away,
But wavered not our faith in God,—we wait His wis-
dom's day,
Then Freedom's sun on field and glen and mountain
peak shall blaze
And wrap your rushing torrents in the glory of its rays.

And thou, O sweet-voiced Clody, may I roam thy margin
then
An exile from thy waves no more and from my native
glen,
And like thine erst-while troubled stream, at last so
calm and pure,
My chastened soul be lost in God as thou in azure Suir.

THE IRISH MOTHER

Tom's Message

The old mother, you say, she was berrid before you came
over,

An' with her last sighin' she called down God's blessins
on me,

An' you prayed ere you came on her grave that the
daisies now cover,—

Oh, Mother of God, that this black lonesome day I
should see.

An' this is the sorrowful end of me plans an' me
dreamin',

Sure I thought that so soon I would steal up the little
boreen

An' old mother would meet me just there, her poor face
all a-beamin',

While I'd tell all the things I had done an' the places
I'd seen.

An' then with her hand holdin' mine we would go up
together

To the little thatched house on the hill where so happy
we dwelt,

An' the hedges of woodbine would bloom an' the beauti-
ful heather—

But now; ah, you tell me that gladness can never be
felt.

An' so her last words were for me, an' she sent me her
 blessin',
An' told you to say that we'd meet where there's weepin'
 no more ;
That though soon on the clay of the grave her old head
 would be pressin'
Her prayers would brighten my way till my troubles
 were o'er.

Oh, with longin' an' sorrow, me heart-veins are swelled
 nigh to burstin',
To think that her welcome I never shall feel as of yore,
That the light of the eyes for whose love-looks I always
 was thirstin'
Is quenched in the grave an' will shine at my comin'
 no more.

But, Tom, sure I know she is with us this minnit we're
 speakin',
For our soggarth once said, all the wants of the blessed
 are filled ;
An' I know that the soul of poor mother will ever be
 seekin'
To stay near her son till his heart's latest throbbin' is
 stilled.

A SUMMER REVERIE ON TARA

I.

Faintly o'er the spreading lea
Comes the sound of mid-day bell,
'Gainst the sun the light clouds flee,
Flinging shade on wood and dell,
Where the gorse with flaming gold
Crowneth Tara's regal brow
Musing deep on mem'ries old
Book in hand I rest me now.
Through the groves in measures sweet,
Songs of warblers blithely swell,
Loud the thrushes' whistlings greet,
From the oak-tree o'er the well,
Bright-winged flies, and bumbles sad,
Whizzing in the zephyr come,
Playing children's voices glad,
Blend with Nature's joyful hum.

II.

Next the busy singing bee,
Wanders o'er the flowery bank,
Lingering late, a primrose see
From whose gilded cup he drank
Pilferer bold, where I reclined
Left he not one flower behind
But he rifled of its sweet,
Round my face and at my feet,
What a happy time has he
Skimming o'er the daisied lea,
Singing ever gladsome lay
Of the goodness of the Lord,
Who the summer makes so gay
For the insect and the bird,
For the beast and for the man
By the Boyne and Suir and Bann,
In this pleasing Land of Eir,
Where the fields are ever fair.

III.

But while round these scenes are glad,
In my soul are feelings sad
For the Pride of Tara's Height
Lost in ages' flickering light:
Here where rests the dust of Kings,
Now no more the wild harp rings,
Rises now no Palace grand
Where the noblest of the land
Mustered for the feast and fray
In the olden golden day
When this Isle forever green
Was of Earth the fairest queen.
Here are but the mouldering walls
Of its churches and its halls,
And low mounds of humble clay
Mark where once a palace lay,
While the rank grass sadly waves
O'er the lonely "Croppies' Graves."

IV.

Sad like this poor Erin's fate,
Now so humbled, once so great,
First bereft of glory's throne
Then with graves of martyrs sown,
Once with every grace adorned
All deserted now and scorned,
Yet in ruin glorious still,
Braving all with mighty will,
Like the springing grass in youth,
Breathing holiness and truth.
Can a faith and trust so strong,
Unrewarded be for long?
Are not woes and wrongs of lands
Written by the angels' hands
On the book of Him above
Who His children guards with Love?
Yea—! He who in Egypt old
'Whelmed in wave great Pharoah's gold
And from chains and bondage freed
Those of Abraham the seed
In His own good time will see
Faithful Erin crowned and free.

LAV-LAIDHIR ABU*

(“About this time a great disgrace fell upon the noble family of O’Brien; for the chieftain Murrough, a man brave beyond compare, and of comely parts, went over to the Enemy with part of his clan, and waged war without mercy against his kinsmen and former friends. So terrible in sooth were his devastations that he thereafter was known to the Irish as ‘Murrough the Burner.’”)—Old Chronicler.

My head is bowed, and my heart is breaking,
My *Clairseach*** dumb for my country’s shame,
This burden black from my spirit shaking,
I’ll strike again to an ancient name.

Lav-Laidhir Abu!

That shout thrilled many a field of fame,
Lav-Laidhir Abu!

A bard am I of a house dishonored;
A song unsaddened no longer mine;
Loud rang my harp amid hosts embannered,
When Erin’s shield was the race of Brian.

Lav-Laidhir Abu!

Lord God, look down on a princely line,
Lav-Laidhir Abu!

*Recte—*Lamh lardhir Abuaidhe*—Lit:—The Strong Hand to
Victory. The war cry of the O’Briens of Thomond.

***Clairseach*—The harp.

Flash forth, Kincora, thy halls of glory,
Come, famed Clontarf, to my sad soul's sight
A thousand fields where in battle gory
The Strong Hand wrestled for Erin's right.

Lav-Laidhir Abu!

Thrice cursed be he that its strength would blight,
Lav-Laidhir Abu!

Accursed be he upon plain and mountain,
Accursed again upon shore and wave,
Shame's hot breath poison his heart's life-fountain,
Shallow and red his polluted grave.

Lav-Laidhir Abu!

A haughty house, has it borne a slave?
Lav-Laidhir Abu!

Murrough the Burner! from Croome to Connaught
I see the smoke of your conquests rise;
Maddened with slaughter, your *kerne* and *bonnaught**
Affright our valleys with murderous cries.

Lav-Laidhir Abu!

The dumb beast e'en from their presence flies,
Lav-Laidhir Abu!

**Kerne*—Light-armed foot soldiers; *bonnaught*—a skirmisher.

Green bosomed Thomond, your bloom is faded,
Proud Cashel's portals your pride is fled,
Grim Murrough's butchers, by Satan aided,
Have made wide Desmond a house of dead.

Lav-Laidhir Abu!

But rise ye clans to a vengeance dread!

Lav-Laidhir Abu!

Afar I hearken the Banshee calling
Fierce Thomond's chief to his bloody tomb—
Murrough the Burner, the bolt is falling,
Thy gibbering victims around thee loom.

Lav-Laidhir Abu!

Meet for a traitor a traitor's doom,

Lav-Laidhir Abu!

THE MARCH OF THE "NORTH CORK"

(Translated from the Irish of Hy-Kinsellagh)

The summer morn was breaking in the valley of the
Suir,
The first faint sunbeams quivered on the river running
pure,
When out from Carrick's olden walls a gay battalion
strode,
And twice five hundred bayonets filed down the dusty
road.

Black Horsley of Dunmanaway, he faced his men and
said;
"Our journey's goal is Wexford Town, our road lies
straight ahead;
There's booty there, and fame to win for every yeoman
true;
My faith! we'll teach the peasant hordes what royal
swords can do!"

On marched the North Cork Regiment, a gallant sight
to see;
Their tall plumes fluttered in the breeze, their bugles
brayed with glee;
Past fair Mooncoin, past Granagh's tower, past ancient
Waterford,
And soon o'er Wexford's war-scarred fields their flaunt-
ing banner soared.

What fires are those that flash on high? What shrieks
that pierce the air?

'Tis not the flame of cannon's mouth, or battle-trump-
et's blare.

Oh Wexford! 'tis thy roofs that blaze, and 'tis thy
women's cry;

Now up and grasp thy gory pike the vengeance hour is
nigh!

The morning's light was glancing bright on many a
gliding rill,

The rising sun was burnishing the slopes of Oulart
Hill;

From storied Wexford's guarded gate a train of yeomen
passed—

They little dreamed the march that day was fated for
their last.

At noon on Oulart's moss-clad height loud rang the
musketry

And Wexford flung upon the foe her peasant chivalry,
Short shrift the ruffian spoilers found when gleamed
the dreaded pike,

For vengeance nerved the patriot's arm and pointed
where to strike.

Old Enniscorthy next saw fall the 'peasant's blow of
hate,
When fled the fear-struck yeomanry from famous Duff-
ry Gate;
They fell as fall the ripened crops when tempests lash
them down,
And few and pale the fugitives that entered Wexford
Town.

Such was the fate well-merited befell that fiendish crew
The ravishers of peaceful homes, the butchers of Car-
new.
Light, Wexford, light thy triumph fires, till hill and
valley glow
And bless thy peasant-warriors that never feared a foe.!

The patriot flames they kindled then have never since
grown cold,
To-day in Bargy and Idrone are hearts that beat as bold,
And tho' the "Boys of Wexford" failed on fatal Vine-
gar Hill,
Their hearts beat true to Freedom yet, they love their
country still."

THE FAIRY DANCE

When the lone night closes the eyes of day,
And the wild wind sweeps o'er the hills away,
And fills with moaning the shadowy dell,
And the gloomy grove by the haunted well;
When the grey owl hoots in the crumbling shrine,
And the phosphoric lights of the glow-worm shine;
When the moon looks down with a cloud-dimmed
 glance,
Oh! then is the time for the fairy dance.

See how gay through the woods they come,
To the music weird of pipe and drum;
Waking the flowers from their midnight sleep,
Kissing the tears they sweetly weep;
Some o'er the daisied meadows rush
To circle in song 'neath the hawthorn bush;
Others skip round on the mushrooms white,
That bow not under their footsteps light.

In the charmed heart of each fairy ring
The sprites all safely sport and sing;
Woe to the wight at midnight seen
Leading a way through the circle green;
None dare hinder the gambols light
Of the elves that people the glens at night,
As they glide about like swift-spiced lance
In the magic lines of the fairy dance.

Strange are the tales the old men tell
By the cottage hearth in an Irish dell,
When the wild blast up the chimney moans,
And the oak-tree out in the darkness groans;
When door and window are closed and barred,
And the seats are drawn by the fire-side hard,
While the turf-fire beams with a cozy glow
On each wond'ring face in the listening row.

For they tell of the frolics the fairies play;
How they bear the corn to the clouds away,
And laugh aloud on the moor-land drear,
Chilling the hearts of all that hear
How they steal the babe from its cradled bed,
Leaving a sickly sprite instead,
And how even now, as the warm flames glance,
They are rushing without in the fairy dance.

THE IRISH SKIES

*I walked entranced through a land of morn
The sun, with wondrous excess of light,
Shone down and glanced o'er seas of corn,
And lustrous gardens aleft and right.—Mangan.*

By the silent flowing Suir,
I walked forth one summer eve,
Where its waters gliding pure,
Scenes of pastoral beauty leave.
And I saw the azure skies,
Mirrored in the flood below,
Viewed them with delighted eyes,
In its limpid chambers glow.
Ah, those kindly Irish skies,
Well their magic power I know.

And the heather bloomed about,
And the woodbine fragrance shed,
Soft the late thrush warbled out,
'Mid the holly-berries red.
There the tall, sweet-scented clover,
Waved the starry primrose over,
And in many a fairy bower,
Hung the pink sweetbrier flower,
Crowning all the azure skies
Flashed their beauty on mine eyes.

Far the everlasting hills
In unbroken circle swept,
Showing wood and brightening rills,
As the sunshine o'er them crept.
Merrily the summer breeze
Sported thro' the meadows fair,
As if late from sunny seas,
Soft and pure it breathed there,
Nowhere else such zephyr flies—
Save 'neath smiling Irish skies,

Gloaming fell, the sun in splendor
Slow had sought his nightly rest,
Glowing shades and colors tender,
Wove their glories in the west,
Like a glimpse of heavenly regions
To my wrapt soul did it seem,
Lacking but the flame-clad legions
Round th' Eternal Throne that gleam.
Such the thoughts and dreams that rise,
Gazing on the Irish skies.

But the twilight died away;
Glowing colors faded soon,
To a soft o'er-spreading gray,
Then uprose the queenly moon,
Searching with majestic look
Mountain crag and olden tower;
Lingering by the haunted brook,
With the shrinking valley flower.
Mystic shine the moons that rise
In the nightly Irish skies.

Through the changing Irish skies
Darkly whirls the tempest-blast,
Plaintively it croons and sighs
Round each ruin of the past.
God, who with an arm of might,
Downcast Israel raised of old,—
Crown a faithful race with Right,
Free it from its woes untold;
Glad Thy hymns of praise shall rise,
Echoing in the Irish skies.

AT DEAD O' THE NIGHT, ALANNA

At dead o' the night alanna, I wake and see you there,
Your little head on the pillow, with tossed and tangled
hair;

I am your mother, acushla, and you are my heart's own
boy,
And wealth o' the world I'd barter to shield you from
annoy.

At dead o' the night, alanna, the heart o' the world is
still,
But sobbing o' fairy music comes down the haunted hill.
The march o' the fairy armies troubles the peace o' the
air;
Blest angels shelter my darling for power of a mother's
pray'r.

At dead o' the night, alanna, the sleepless Banshee
moans,
Wailing for sin and sorrow, by the Cairn's crumbling
stones,
At dead o' the night alanna, I ask of our God above,
To shield you from sin and sorrow, and cherish you in
His love.

At dead o' the night, alanna, I wonder o'er and o'er,
Shall you part from our holy Ireland, to die on a stran-
ger shore?

You'll break my heart in the leaving like many a
mother I know —

Just God look down upon Erin and lift her at last from
woe!

At dead o' the night, alanna, I see you in future years,
Grand in your strength, and noble, facing the wide
world fears;

Though down in the mossy churchyard my bones be un-
der the sod,

My spirit shall watch you, darling, till you come to
your rest in God.

THE ROUND TOWER OF ARDMORE

Ardmore, Ardmore, standing by the sea,
The gray tower of Ardmore stirs the soul of me;
What is on my heart at all, the old stones I've kissed—
The cold stones of Ardmore all weeping for the mist.

Ardmore, Ardmore, to-day I leave your shade
Below the level, leaden sea your hoary wall shall fade;
The flooding tears shall blind mine eyes, and I would
 see you last
Ardmore, Ardmore, my guardian of the past.

Ardmore, Ardmore, in that low graveyard nigh
To ease for aye my burdened breast full gladly would I
 lie,
Beside two mossy-curtained mounds that hold my treasures all,
Ardmore, Ardmore, oh, do they hear my call?

Ardmore, Ardmore, what is the cure to grief?
Whisper it to the crooning wind that I may find relief.
Ardmore, Ardmore, the centuries' lore is thine.
Druid of Ages, hear my cry and make your wisdom
 mine.

Ardmore, Ardmore, their message though unsaid,
Your stones that mock the wind and rain my coward
heart upbraid.

Ardmore! Ardmore, a thousand years they've seen,
Their lesson is not weakness, nor their burden-song a
caoine.

Ardmore, Ardmore, I kiss your walls once more,
Hold close your olden secrets—your wealth of mystic
lore,
But dower me with deathless hope that lifts your head
elate;
Ardmore, Ardmore a heart for every fate.

THE CRY OF THE EXILES

Hear ye the cry of the exile from over the ocean waves,
Hear ye the cry from prairie and plain, the cry from a
million graves,
From lands where shines the South'ron Cross, where
mad Niagara raves.

Hark ye the cry from a thousand fields where'er was
fought a fight,
From Ramilies to Dendermond, from Boston to
Mary's Height,
Hear ye the cry of the exiled dead, their mandate is
"Unite."

Hear ye the cry of the living, the exiles' cry that rings
From where Missouri wanders and far La Plata springs,
From drear Australian Bushland, where never a warbler
sings.

This is the cry of the exiles. "We've made our beds
afar;
Our bones shall lie, 'neath alien sky, across the broad
earth's bar,
But our hearts are true to Ireland as pole to the Boreal
star."

Here is the cry of the exile: "Our souls are sad to see,
Her ranks all rent and broken, her chiefs that sundered
be.

Unite, let the banded people proclaim they shall be
free."

Heed ye the voice of the exiles from Clear unto Malin
Head;

Heed ye the voice of the living, heed ye the voice of the
dead,

He that not heeds is a traitor, look ye, his hands are red.

See, while ye rant and squabble, the Land's best life
blood flows,

With anguished heart and broken the peasant to exile
goes,

Bleeding and bound lies Erin, the scorn and jest of her
foes.

He is a traitor to Ireland who now shrinks back from
the fight,

Deal him the doom he merits, true men, up in your
might,

Cease in God's name to quarrel, Brothers be one—
Unite!

Heed ye the voice of the exiles, the cry of the quick and
the dead;

He that not heeds is a traitor, look, and his hands are
red,

The blood of a murdered nation, the wrath of God on
his head.

LUX E TENEBRIS

(A Dirge of "The Great Famine")

One night long passed, in the land of Eire
I stood alone in a desolate place.
Before me the Slieve-bloom, bold and bare,
And the struggling Suir I could dimly trace.
The moon with a weird and shadowy light,
Looked out from the rack like a face long dead,
Then quick was lost in the clouds of night
Like soul that shrinks from a vision dread
The hollow wind sighed in the lichens gray
Or sullen swept on its midnight way.

Sad, sad was I; for the woes of Eire,
For the blight and the ruin of a people grand,
Lo! Famine and Anguish brooding there,
While an army of spectres stalk the land;
The mother's sad wail to the heavens is raised
In grief for her children stricken, or fled;
And the pilgrim goes on his way amazed,
As he hurries through the unnumbered dead.
Hear the night-bird's scream o'er the whitening
bones,
As the lean dog prowls 'round the grave-yard
stones!

I looked below on this dismal scene,
I saw the night that above me loomed ;
And my heart grew sick with a terror keen,
For I thought my land and my race were doomed.
Agonized I cried, "Lord ! for what dread crime
Does Eternal Good purify us thus ?
That Thou through the sin-stained stretch of Time
Should'st lay so heavy Thy Hand on us ;
Till the very breeze with Affliction raves,
Or moans a dirge o'er the Nation's graves !"

An answer came as I turned around,
For there in the East was the gleam of day—
Slieve-bloom with a golden light was crowned,
And the Suir blazed on its broken way.
The sun shot up, making day of night,
His disc o'er the mountain serene and grand !
And I hailed his beam as an omen bright
For the future lot of my long-tried land.
The wild-birds sang to the glistening rays,
And my heart filled full of their Maker's praise.

IRISH FAIRY SONG

Have you heard of the fairies of lone Knockbuee,
At the weird midnight,
In measure light?

They skip thro' the glens with elfin glee,
Gaily dancing all together
On the soft, springing heather,
Round the pale-flowered eglantine,
That is fondled lovingly
By the closely-clinging bine.

You can hear their mystic song

Echo dreamily along—

This the echo of the melody on lone Knockbuee that
rings,

This the burden of the ditty that the fairy choir sings:

“When the bright fields bask in the glow of day,
Deep down in the earth we hide away,
And our palace homes are richer by far
Than the halls of Orient monarchs are.

Hie away! Hie away!

Let the lone vales echo our elfin play,
The flowers have folded their petals bright,
And the sad owl hoots thro' the sombre night.

But when shadows fall on the distant hills,
And all is peace, save the restless rills,
When the horned moon sails full gloriously
Like a golden boat in an azure sea—

Then hie away! hie away!
From *rath* and cairn, and castle gray,
From haunted hollow and darksome glen,
We come to our eerie sport again.

Soft do our airy buskins fall
As we circle around the fox-glove tall,
Light is the sleep of the mountain bird,
Yet not e'en by him are our footfalls heard.

Hie away! Hie away!
In concert sweet let the long reeds play
Afar, as the golden moon-beams glance,
On every hillside our comrades dance.

Now on the hill-tops the moon-beams rest,
They gloat on the valley's verdant breast,
In the dim-lit glen, by the haunted stream,
Pale burns the glow-worm's fitful gleam.

Then hie away! hie away!
From midnight hour till the break of day
Thus in wild cadence the whole night long
Let the echoes answer our fairy song."

THE HANGING OF MYLES LEHANE

The Baron of Graine and Cavan, his heart was hard
and cold,

He loved but his dogs and hunters—his god was greed
of gold.

Said he: "For my pride and pleasure I'll have those
broad lands free,

And he drove his serfs to the workhouse, or scourged
them o'er the sea.

But Myles Lehane of Cashel went up to the Baron's
door,

His heart like lead and bowed his head,—he never had
begged before.

Said he: "for your honor's payment long years I've
drudged like a beast,

'Twill break my heart from the land to part, but leave
us the house at least,

For Nora, my wife, is dying,—the child is gone before,
'Twas fever killed our darling, so the neighbors come
no more."

Then the Baron swore a sounding oath, and ordered the
"dog" away,

And back thro' the rain went Myles Lehane to his woful
house that day.

Next morning's sun rose grim and dun, and in thro' the
valley's gate,

Like a river red the "Death Brigade" defiled in martial
state.

Oh, bold and gay they looked that day, the dashing
Irish Horse,
But they saw a work would shame a Turk that spares
not the senseless corse.
Their sabres clanked full gallantly, their hoof-beat
echoed plain,
Till they came to halt with never a fault by the house
of Myles Lehane,
And there they formed a *cordon*, all strict to the rules
of war.
(Would they do so well to the Arab yell on Afric sands
afar?)

Within his straw-roofed cottage, his own no longer now,
Sat Myles Lehane deep-bowed in pain, cold fear-drops
on his brow,
Dread were the thoughts he wrestled, but never uttered
a sound,
The hand of God lay heavy on him—the wrath of man
around.
His sick wife lay beside him, her life-tide ebbing fast,
And he prayed that ere the troops came there her spirit
might have passed.
The damp death-reek was on her cheek, the priest was
kneeling by,
But she heard outside the soldiers' stride, and pitiful
was her cry:
"Oh, *wirra, wirra*,* the bitter day! and have I lived so
long,

**Wirra*—Lit: O, Mary, Mary!

And must I lie by the road to die, that never did man
wrong!

Oh, Myles, my heart's light ever, come near and hold
my hand.

'Twas gladsome May our wedding day and sunshine fill-
ed the land;

The birds sang gay our wedding day, the bending skies
were blue,

And you were then my king of men, and I was fair to
you.

Our joys and our heavy sorrows we shared them side by
side,

When the crops and cattle prospered—when the son
of our bosoms died;

But now when your blackest trouble is falling upon
your head,

I must leave you Myles, my husband, to be with the
griefless dead.

Yet hear me, our God is mercy,—He judges the deeds
of men;

I'll pray at His throne for you, my own, until we meet
again."

Rang on the door a gun-butt—hurtled a hoarse com-
mand:—

"Now, Myles Lehane, in the Law's high name, give up
your house and land."

The hinges burst like rot-wood, and in the bailiffs strode,

"Now out with them, bag and baggage, to beg their rent
on the road!"

The priest stood up from the bedside, his tear-filled
eyes flashed fire—

“Oh, men, would you shame your manhood to do such
deed for hire,

The wild beast chased and wounded may die at last in
his lair,

And would you refuse like mercy to God’s own image
here?”

Then spoke his lordship’s agent,—a fiend incarnate
he,—

“You’ll leave the house my prating priest, and curse
her! so shall she,

Ho! fetch me the oil can, hearties—we’ll have a bonfire
good,

And crack our joke while the rats we smoke, as loyal
subjects should.”

They bore her out on the roadside, they laid her down
to die,

The flames from the burning cottage leaped fiercely to
the sky.

But swifter on to the heavens the soul of a woman went,
The angels found her a dwelling-place, and *never a
word of rent.*

II

'Tis night in the gloomy valley, 'tis night on the hill-
side drear,

Hark! heard ye a gunshot sounding—heard ye a shriek
of fear?

A murderer flies in terror, his deed was done too well—
The Baron of Graine and Cavan, his soul is deep in
hell!

A bullet has found its billet out there on the lonesome
moor,

No more he'll grind, in his anger blind, the faces of
God's poor.

And out on the widening ocean a swift ship flies e'en
now

The winds blow fair, yet one they bear, with Cain-brand
on his brow.

Now flash the news of horror to every land and clime,
To brand the race with deep disgrace whose sons have
wrought this crime

Beneath such rule benignant foul murder to befall
This Baron great had wealth and state and lived in
princely hall

But never a word of the woman who died by deed of law
The tempered scales of Justice must poise without a
flaw

And find ye the wretched culprit it boots not whom nor
how

The outraged State must vindicate her injured prestige
now.

They found ere long a victim—the proofs, they said
were plain—

And Dublin's deep-walled dungeons soon closed on
Myles Lehane.

Like Him of old, the Scourged One, he made no moan
or cry;

They dragged him out in the blaze of noon and told
him he must die.

“Now Myles Lehane, in your Maker's name, what word
have you to say

With latest breath to the doom of death that falls on
you today?”

The peasant knelt to Heaven, his hair gleamed white
to the sun,

“My Lord, of the crime I'm guiltless; but God's high
will be done!

I fear not to meet my Saviour—He promised the wrong-
ed redress;

The death I die is shameful, my shame than His far
less.

Better to die and end it than live a trampled slave
With never a breath of freedom—no hope but the wait-
ing grave.

The precious gold we drudge for buys feast for a glut-
ton's hall;

Better than life of torture, be robbed at once of all.”

Ah! Myles Lehane, of Cashel, dost hear thy death-bell
toll?

The grim black flag they've hoisted—Christ's mercy on
thy soul!

The guards drag forth their victim, the hangman stands
in wait,

Like watchers by a death-bed, the people pray at the
gate.

The black mask veils his vision—he looked his last on
the sun,

Now God and the Virgin aid him—the awful doom
is done!

Thro' the grimy streets of Dublin the crowds creep
shuddering home,

And down from the Wicklow summits the gusty rain-
blasts come.

They weep through the darkened city to wash its guilt
away.

They tell to the sullen Irish Sea a tale of shame today.

I saw a singer of ballads, he sang a song in the street,
In the heart of Dublin City, 'mid bustle and hurry of
feet,

Men's cheeks flushed hot to hear him, and women's
went white with pain—

I've tried to sing you the song I heard—The hanging
of Myles Lehane.

OONA WATER*

'Tis the Oona water gleaming
Mid the flowery meads of May;
Ever in my happy dreaming
By its pleasant haunts I stray.
Oona Water, Oona Water,
Sounds thy joy-song all the day.

Fairy lore my lips are learning,
Fairy music round me thrills,
And my soul, all fondly yearning,
Sees again the heath-brown hills.
Oona Water, Oona Water,
Welcome in the hurrying rills.

Shamrocks cluster, faith's fond token,
And the primrose gleams like gold,
Frowning castles, fissured, broken,
Whisper tales of days of old.
Oona Water, Oona Water,
Thou hast tales were never told.

*The Oona Water flows thro' the Dungannon country in Tyr.
Owen and joins the Ulster Blackwater, near Benburb.

Time there was, the Northern kern*
Came thy valleys to disturb,
When O'Neill to combat stern
Swept, at ever-famed Benburb.
Oona Water, Oona Water,
Alien pride found there a curb.

Passed the stormy-souled O'Donnell
Marching to his kinsman's aid
Surged the clans of proud Tyr-Connel
Neath his flaunting flags arrayed
Oona Water, Oona Water,
Flashed thou back his patriot blade?

Oona Water, Oona Water
Darker tales hast thou to tell
Tales of ruthless wrong and slaughter
Tears and blood thy torrent swell
Oona Water, Oona Water,
Keep thy fearsome secrets well.

Keep them well—they are recorded
On the Book of Him on high
He his martyrs has rewarded
From His Justice who can fly
Oona Water, Oona Water,
Is the retribution nigh?

**Kern*—ancient Irish foot soldier.

Guard them well but glad my vision
With the shimmering of thy streams
Grant me of the bliss elysian
In thy every haunt that teems
Oona Water, Oona Water,
Give me back my boyhood dreams!

THE RED WALLS OF LIMERICK

A Brigade Ballad

A. D. 1692

There's bitter woe in Erin since the Wild Geese sailed
away,

The *clairseach** sobs with sorrow now, that erst rang
loud and gay;

Unheard the tramp of Sarsfield's Horse and D'Usson's
bugle bray.

*Mo nuar!** Mo nuar!* the lost pride of Limerick!

The treaty is broken and our wrongs are unredressed,
A murdered peasant's hanging high on yonder mountain
crest;

See there a starving mother, with a dead child to her
breast.

Mo nuar! Mo nuar! the black woes of Limerick!

Go Dhia, but these deathly days hang like a funeral pall
Mine eyes have seen the battle break 'gainst belching
fort and wall;

Dutch William's stormers stagger back from shearing
blade and ball.

Mo nuar! Mo nuar! the Red Walls of Limerick!

Clairseach*—the harp. *Mo nuar*—My grief—alas.

How leaped our hearts when Lucan's Horse swept by at
thundrous pace!

How cheered we Dillon's dancing plume, and Berwick's
martial grace!

Ah! days indeed! Our tender maids feared not grim
death to face,

Mo nuar! Mo nuar! the lone homes of Limerick.

But Sarsfield and his "Slashers" all have sailed away
to France,

On Europe's shaking battle-fields their fiery chargers
prance,

And Erin—hapless Erin, now has not one guarding
lance.

Mo nuar! Mo nuar! the dead hopes of Limerick!

Broad Shannon's eddying waters hurry outward to the
sea,

A hundred exile-bearing ships adown its wide gate flee!

Alone I wait the shadows of the night that is to be.

Mo nuar! Mo nuar! the lost cause of Limerick!

THE FAIRY-STOLEN

An Irish Ballad

Mother dear, my mother, they have stolen me away
And I miss you mother darling all the livelong day
When the dreamy sun is shining, and the fleecy clouds
 sail by,
You are weeping for me, mother, and I hear your bitter
 cry.

I wandered by the fairy Rath, I wandered all alone.
I played, nor thought of danger, by the haunted Ogam
 Stone
Till the fairies from Knocksheela came and carried me
 away
Where they live within the mountain in their palaces of
 clay.

Mother dear, oh mother, they have crowned me Fairy
 Queen,
They have robed me in a vesture of the sunset's won-
 drous sheen,
They have dowered me with treasure that their fairy
 castles hold,
But more precious to me mother your sweet kiss than
 shining gold.

When the sun is on the mountain, and the cloud-shades
 come and go
And drowsy brooklets downward 'neath the nodding
 hazels flow,
When the bee is in the fox-glove, and in covert hides
 the hare,
Oh, look upon the mountain then, for mother, I am
 there.

But when the night has fallen and the mystic moon-
 light comes,
And darkly on the valley's breast the grey-walled castle
 looms,
Oh then along the river's banks we're skipping near and
 far
Till dawn with spears of silver drives away the Morn-
 ing Star.

'Twas but yesternight oh mother that we passed the
 cottage by
Ah, my eager heart beat heavily to know that you were
 nigh.
I saw the tears you shed for me, I heard your troubled
 prayer,
But the fairy throng bore swift along, I could not lin-
 ger there.

Mother dear, my mother, I am dying day by day,
They may hold my lifeless body, but my spirit will not
 stay,
It will seek you mother darling thro' the sunshine or
 the rain,
And the fairies of the mountain cannot steal your child
 again.

THE PIKEMEN

(Translated from the Irish of Borris-Idrone)

The troops are out in Bargo and the yeomen in Idrone,
The pitch-caps and the gory lash make guiltless victims
groan.

Red murder stalks the villages, and high the roof-trees
flame,

Arise, ye men of Wexford now, or live in lasting shame!

Ye pikemen, bold pikemen,
Old Wexford calls her pikemen.
See, at her call, they muster all,
For freedom now, grim pikemen!

The plough they leave by Slaney's banks, the scythe in
soft Imayle,

And out through famous Scollagh gap, they surge like
autumn gale.

Bold hearts are there from Ballaghkeen and wooded
Shilmaliere.

Sends many a stalwart rifleman to fill the foe with fear.

The pikemen, the pikemen,
The stormy-cheering pikemen,
Broad Barrow's flood shall flow with blood,
Rush in ye reckless pikemen!

Above on sunny Camarus the *fraioch*-blossoms blow,
Grim massacre and pillage fright the fertile vales below,
Rough Corrigrew is basking in the scented summer gale,
In Gorey at the mountain-foot is heard the maiden's
wail.

Ye pikemen, brave pikemen,
Ha! tarry not, ye pikemen!
'Tis yours to quell those spoilers fell
For hearths and homes, ye pikemen!

The morning sun is burning on the slopes of Oulart
Hill.

His low beam strikes on serried pikes, a sight the soul
to thrill.

Like flame athwart the ripened fields, from Wexford's
guarded gate

The red "North Cork"—their life-sands run—march
out to meet their fate.

The pikemen, the pikemen,
The dread, resistless pikemen,
Grim harvest now, on Oulart's brow
They reap, the maddened pikemen.

High noon in Enniscorthy—from the far-famed Duffry
Gate
The foeman's smoking cannon hurl their messengers of
hate,
In vain, in vain, his bullets rain, and thunder loud the
guns,
Those ranks of steel before you reel, old Wexford's
dashing sons!
The pikemen, the pikemen,
They staggered from the pikemen,
With dark dismay
They feel today
The vengeance of the pikemen.

The "ruthless Hessians" went to death on Tubberneer-
ing's Plain,
The Irish green at Taghmon waved o'er many a foeman
slain,
Oh, for an Owen Roe again to lead with Spanish steel!
From Wexford's bristling vanguard then, oppression's
ranks should reel.
The pikemen, the pikemen,
A leader for the pikemen,
They heard with fear, your stormy cheer
Ye mocked at death, fierce pikemen!

'Tis true, alas, ye fought, and failed when stubborn Ross
ran red,

The fatal slope of Vinegar Hill was matted with your
dead.

Unconquered souls! your fame shall live while runs the
rapid Nore,

All honor, deathless pikemen to your green graves ever-
more!

The pikemen, the pikemen,
When Erin needs her pikemen,
God send her then heroic men
Like Wexford's fearless pikemen.

JERPOINT ABBEY

Sad Jerpoint, by the crystal Nore,
Thy fissured walls yet strongly stand,
Thy sculptured portals high and grand
Proclaim the pride was thine of yore.

The wind and rains have furrowed thee,
For long thy pillared chancel arch
Hath viewed the hurrying ages march,
Athwart the plains of Ossorie.

Dark ivy springing from the sod,
Thy steadfast stones doth fondly clasp,
To cloak them from the wind's rough grasp
And guard the hallowed shrine of God.

Green meadows flank thy hoary walls,
The solemn kine for shadow throng
Thy nave when midday sun is strong
And high the undazzled sky-lark calls.

The Angelus with prayerful tone,
Rings from the chapel far away,
Recalling thoughts of other day,
When that blest summons was thine own.

Alas, gray Jerpoint, now no more,
The humble Brethren tread thy halls,
All empty now their carven stalls;
The last sweet Vesper-chant is o'er.

Yet dreaming here methinks I see
 Their olden places filled again,
 Their solemn hymn, and deep "amen,"
Thrilling with fervor sound to me.

But changéd now each form and face!
 A splendor gilds the robes of gray,
 And fairer than the flashing day,
Upon each brow God's joy I trace.

Glad moment!—now the vision fades.
 Sad Jerpoint,—and we are alone;
 Thy wind-swept cloisters dreary moan,
And fall the chilling evening shades!

“CILL-CENNAIGH GO BRAGH!”*

Air—“Kathleen O’Moore”

The green glens of Ulster are fair to the view
The mountains of Munster majestic and blue.
But my heart’s in Kilkenny,
My own loved Kilkenny
Cill-Cennaigh go bragh!

There Nore and broad Suir glide down to the sea,
All margined with flowerets that feast the wild bee,
Thro’ the glens of Kilkenny,
My matchless Kilkenny,
Cill-Cennaigh go bragh!

To see the soft moonlight fall over the hill,
When the *Keol-Shee** sounds, and the wind’s sob is still,
Summer nights in Kilkenny,
Dream-haunted Kilkenny,
Cill-Cennaigh go bragh!

**Cill-Cennaigh go bragh*—Kilkenny forever.

***Keol-Shee*—Fairy music.

Alas! for the raptures in boyhood were mine,
To list the wild linnet in lone Craigavine,
In the groves of Kilkenny,
My sylvan Kilkenny,
Cill-Cennaigh go bragh!

The old city walls whisper tales of the past,
Thy chancel, sad Jerpoint, moans drear to the blast—
Past glories Kilkenny,
Historic Kilkenny,
Cill-Cennaigh go bragh!

Oh, warm are the hearts that in Ossory dwell,
There friendship and love in the peasant's soul swell,
In the homes of Kilkenny,
Green-valleyed Kilkenny,
Cill-Cennaigh go bragh!

*Mo nuar!** 'tis my woe that the wide-rolling sea
Its black depths is stretching betwixt thee and me,
My home in Kilkenny,
Soul-haunting Kilkenny,
Cill-Cennaigh go bragh!

**Mo nuar*—Alas.

THE VEIL OF THE VIRGIN MARY

A Legend of the Wicklow Mountains

The peasantry give to a strange mist which is sometimes seen hovering on the mountain tops, a beautiful appellation in Gaelic, signifying "The Veil of the Virgin Mary."

In a Wicklow valley, rich Imale
The peasants tell you a wondrous tale:
At the close of even there falls, 'tis said,
A fleecy cloud on the mountain's head,
Of a faery lustre, pure and pale,
And they call it the Virgin Mary's Veil.

One day long past at the twilight tide
A tall youth climbed the mountain-side;
Thoughtful his brow and passing fair,
His modest eyes, and night-black hair.
The people said that he was a saint,
That his soul, of sin knew never a taint.

And this was the reason, no doubt, that he
So favored of Heaven above should be;
For the soul that is pure hath beauty rare
And shines like the sun beyond compare,
While the angels weep in their mansions aisled
To gaze on a human heart defiled.

The sun had sunk 'neath the mountain's head;
The clouds were shimmering pink and red;
A calm majestic was reigning there,
And the youth soft breathed a fervent prayer,
For lo! before him untinged and pale
Was the mist of the Virgin Mary's Veil.

Deep thrilled his heart with a reverent fear,
As the mystic cloud came drifting near.
He felt the awe of a Presence high,
A heavenly incense floated by,
And he heard, as the mist enveloped him,
A sound as of chanting seraphim.

Then broke on his eyes such dazzling light
He fain would cover his aching sight,
But an angel voice bade him have no fear.
He looked and beheld a vision near,
A Woman whose beauty outshone by far
The light of the lustrous morning star.

Short moments of rapturous amaze
Did the ravished youth on that vision gaze—
All crowned with the blazing orbs of night
And clothed in robes of living light—
Then spoke the Lady in tone so sweet
It calmed his hot heart's feverous beat.

'The Virgin Mother of God am I,
And come from my throne of gold on high
To claim the love of your youth as mine.
God dowers me with souls that are pure like thine;
Your spouse shall no earthly maiden be,
You are mine for the long eternity."

The youth arose, the vision was gone,
His face with a sacred lustre shone,
With a pilgrim's staff, in the morning gray
He journeyed to blessed Melleray,
And there with the pious monks did bide—
Ere a year, the death of a saint he died.

'And thus I've told you the wondrous tale
I heard in the beautiful Wicklow vale.
The lesson and moral all may see:
God's loveliest gift is *purity*.
When we stand in the awful Judgment Light,
May our hearts be robed with The Veil of White.

WHEN THE SHADOW'S ON THE HEATHER

'An Irish Christmas Ballad

Slipping down the Curlew mountains to the early
Christmas Mass,
When the shadow's on the heather and the rime is on
the grass—
Want may chill our highland cottage; troubles bide
with us always.
But the Saviour makes us happy on His holy Christmas
Day.

I must wake my dear ones early on this morn of peace
and joy,
Little pet-lamb, pretty Nora, sturdy Neil, my noble boy,
When the hearth is clean and cosy and the dancing
flames are gay,
And the kettle croons a welcome to the coming Christ-
mas Day.

Darkness lingers on the valley and the fairy-haunted
glen,
Eastward now the break of morning brings the peace of
God to men.
Near the Mountain-rim,—first jewel of the Christ-
Child's diadem,
Burns a star of radiant beauty like the Star of Bethle-
hem.

Wake ye now, my sleeping treasures, wake ye now, your
mother's joy,
Pretty Nora, drowsy lambkin, blue-eyed Neil, my laugh-
ing boy—
For the shadow's on the heather, and the rime is on the
grass,
And the angels hurry earthward to the early Christmas
Mass.

See above yon ivied abbey, where God's servants prayed
of old,
Fiery pillars in the heavens—bars of silver, shafts of
gold—
Swing the gates of glory open, shining souls unnumber-
ed pass,
Let us hurry down to meet them at the early Christmas
Mass.

Down the mountain, up the valley, from the riverside
and glen
Throng the cheery-chatting people, stately women, stal-
wart men;
Guard, oh, guard them, God of Erin! bitter sorrow
theirs, alas!
Many a heart shall bleed in exile ere another Christmas
Mass.

Lift thy drooping face, my Erin, God has heard thy
bitter moan,
Tho' His hand rest heavy on thee, 'tis to make thee more
His own.
Faith has died where nations flourished,—earthly gain
His gifts surpass
When He greets His gathered people at the early Christ-
mas **Mass.**

ADDRESS TO MOUNT ROYAL

Montreal, June, 1893

Oh, regal Mount that liftest up thy head

Disdainfully, beyond the city's din.

Dost ponder now the mighty ages dead.

Or dost thou weep man's vanity and sin?

Come whisper us of facts and scenes primeval,

When thou wert born of some terrene upheaval.

Come, settle thou the deep dispute of sages:

Did this most wondrous world create itself?

How long endured the Praeadamian ages?

Was man once ape or some like earth-bred elf

Whom may we b'lieve—th' inspired, majestic Moses,

Or fools who see no farther than their noses?

Tell us, for so-called savants have asserted,

"The eye of Science finds no Primal power"

Didst stand here ever, futile and deserted,

Or fall from space in some atomic shower?"

Seer of the Past, why shake thy sylvan locks,

Thine upturned face the Unbeliever mocks.

I hear a murmur thro' thy thousand trees,
The voice of conscious Nature, 'tis which says:
"I come from Him who rules the mighty seas—
"From Him the Lord All Infinite in days
"All-wise in counsel—creatures of an hour,
"And dare ye question the Eternal Power?"

Since first thy matter was by God created,
What countless winters' storms and snows have fled,
Did Ottawa roll thus ever unabated,
And grand St. Lawrence fret its rocky bed?
What Indian wandering to thy woody base,
With awe-struck eyes first saw thy massive face.

And thou hast seen, say was it with surprise,
When came stout Cartier with his brothers brave—
Hast seen the flash of triumph in his eyes,
When from thy cliffs he viewed the far-stretched wave,
The mighty valley at his feet unrolled,
What riches might its fertile soil enfold!

Say how the city grew about thy base,
How lofty spire arose, and palace fair
Strong builded by a strange and restive race,
Whose axes laid thy swelling bosom bare;
Thou didst not murmur 'gainst the intruders bold,
They ravaged but to grace thee manifold.

For now thou look'st on many a happy home
And wide-spread fields that promise golden grain,
While thro' thine avenues of pleasure roam
The grey-haired grandsire and the youthful swain,
And silvery sounds of childish laughter greet
The welcoming ear in cadence glad and sweet.

Oh, silent watcher of the city great,
Lofty and vast thy vision doth excite,
Thoughts in my soul above its vulgar state
Of care diurnal, void of faith and light,
Thou pointest to the realm of God above,
And whisperest me His Power and His Love.

NATURE'S BOOK

Come from the city's crowds,
Come for a while with me,
 From the din and the toil
 And the loud turmoil
Of Life's ever-troubled sea.

Come, and we'll seek the shade
Of the lone and lordly trees
 In some rustic dell,
 Where the wild flowers tell
Sweet tales to the whisp'ring breeze.

Let us walk by the rippling stream
And cast from our hearts all care,
 As we bless that God
 Whose benignant nod
Made the streams and the flow'rets fair;

Whose power made the mountains vast
And the heavenly vault so grand;
 And the thund'ring sea
 That tumultuously
Sweeps into the welcoming land.

Let us breathe of the pure-blown air,
And list to the wild bird's note,
 And the brook's glad song
 As it wanders along
Where the water-lilies float.

Let us look into Nature's book,
And glean for ourselves a store
 Of the wisdom meet
 To direct our feet
In the path to the Golden Shore.

Then we'll back to our tasks with joy,
And we'll trust in His goodness more,
 Whom the rustling trees
 And the whisp'ring breeze
And the streamlet's voice adore.

SUNSET CLOUDS

Lo! the rich sunset clouds,
Flecking the western sky
With a glory grand,
In the sunlight bland,
Pleasing the wondering eye.

Clad in your varying tints,
Crimson and purple and gold,
Are you not the gate
Where the Angels wait,
To reward with joys untold?

Or the rays of the Light Divine,
Flashing beyond your bound,
Through the azure rifts,
'Mid the bars and drifts,
Scattering radiance round?

Oft by my fancy borne,
To these barriers bright I steal
And hearken the songs
Of the angel throngs,
As round the throne they kneel.

Radiant sunset clouds !

Faint types of the glory of God,
Who stirs with the breeze
The vast waste of the seas,
And sways the spheres with His nod.

Beautiful sunset clouds,

Gilding my sweet day-dreams,
Soon your glories will fade
As the lengthening shade
Follows the last sunbeams.

Shrined in my inmost soul,

Your image shall ever be,
Till the Lord in His grace
Finds a resting place
Near the golden throne for me.

CHRISTMAS LYRIC

Come and adore! For lo! the Saviour's Star
Glad with its lustre the Judean skies.
Hearken the spirit-hymns, that swell afar
O'er Mamrez' plain, whose 'wakening flocks arise.
Now are the Prophets' rhapsodies fulfilled,
High Heaven and Earth alike with wondering joy are
thrilled.

Come and adore! From Shechem's stony street,
By Kedron's torrent see the Magi go,
Dust of the desert on their camels' feet,
Weary their bodies, but their souls aglow.
"For we have seen His Star-Sign in the East
"Soon on the God-Child's face our longing eyes shall
feast."

Ye drowsy shepherds by Gibeah's slopes
Wake to the glory of this mystic night.
Now is the crowning of your dreams and hopes;
Lo! above Gedor's peak the flaming light!
Glad vision!—hear the Seraph-anthems ring
"Peace on the earth to men; Glory to Heaven's King."

On Lebanon, low bow the cedars' heads
To greet the new-born Saviour-Child below!
Rich Gilead's grove its precious balsam sheds,
And Siloa's wavelets warble as they flow!
Come and adore! When Nature utters praise
Let Man his accents too in rapturous measures raise.

Come and adore!—ye faithful ones of God
In Galilee and wide Samarian land,
And you, ye Gentiles where the palm trees nod
By Indus' shore and scented Samarcand;
Ye too, where Roman palaces upraise,
Or bellowing billows lash the stern Hesperides.

High Mystery of Love: in awe we bow
Here in the stable at an Infant's feet!
Vouchsafe, oh Lord, that as we worship now
In vigil with Thy Mother mild and sweet,
Strength we may find and solace on our way—
Led by Thy burning Star—to Heaven's Eternal Day!

L' ENVOI

God made the Earth in it's beauty—the land and the
limitless seas,
The arching domes of Heaven with their infinite mys-
teries.

He guideth the ponderous worlds that wheel thro'
boundless space,
The blazing suns that light them He holdeth to their
place.

With sword of the sudden lightning He cleaves the
ether through,
The rock-ribbed hills with thunder, He thrills and
thrills anew.

When bellowing seas in anger buffet the wreck-strewn
shore
His war-steeds are the billows that prance His hosts
before.

With gentler tones His greatness Earth's kinder moods
proclaim,
Green field and soft-voiced streamlet speak praise unto
His Name.

The incense of the flowers, the zephyr amid the leaves,
The shimmer of golden corn aripe for the harvest
sheaves.

Spake the Lord unto David, His chosen singer of old
"See the works of my power—the Earth and the
Heavens unrolled.

"Lo, the wonders about thee, the stars that flash on
high
The sun and the moon, My beacons, to light the embrac-
ing sky.

"Sing for My praise and homage a canticle to these
A hymn of the beauty of Earth and the thunder of the
seas

"A chant of the firm-based hills that sentinel stand for
aye
Of the sun-blessed fields and flowers that bask in smiling day

"Sing of the soul of man in sombre or joyful mood
The Lord, not man is Judge, if the singer's work be
good"

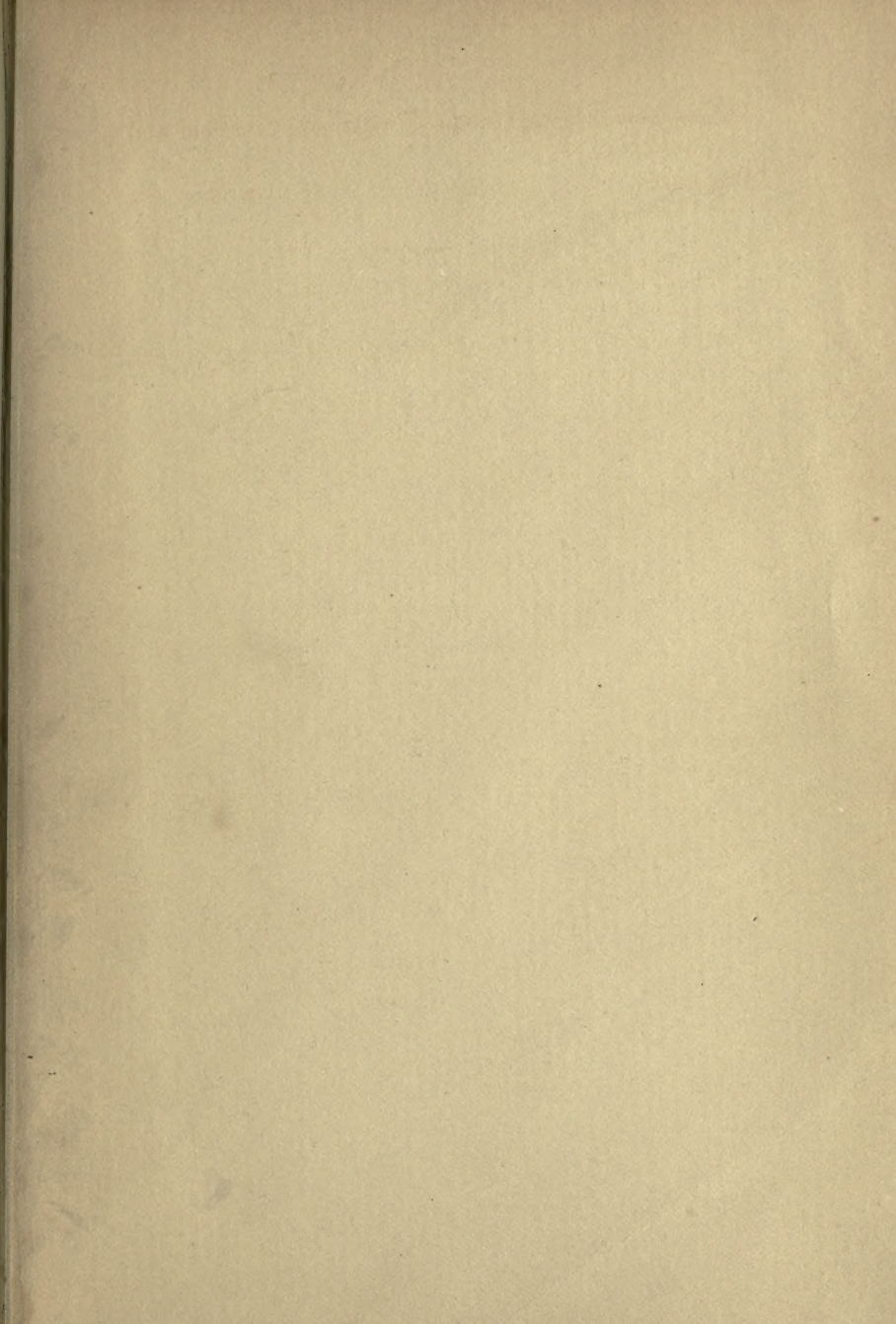
And ever the poet adoring chants of the gifts of God
(The mountains quake to His whisper—the Spheres
obey His nod).

Bounty and love and goodness in stream and field and
flower

His wrath in the rushing storm, in the pathless seas
His power.

God's kingdom in His Creatures—God's reign in the
soul of man

The Hymn of the Stars of Morning out-poured ere the
world began.



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